VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1905. NUMBER 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Training is the discipline that teaches a man to set labor above whim; to develop the less promising parts of his mind as well as the more promising; to make five talents ten and two five; to see that in his specialty he shall work better and enjoy more for knowing something outside of his specialty; to recognize the connection between present toil and future attainment, so that the hope of future attainment creates pleasure in present toil; to understand that nothing can be mastered without drudgery, and that drudgery in preparation for service is not only respectable but beautiful; to be interested in every study, no matter how forbidding; to work steadily and resolutely until, after long practice, and it may be, after many failures, he is trusted to do the right thing, or something near it, mechanically, just as the trained pianist instinctively touches the right note. Training is all this and more. Why should we be content to let so many of our boys get their best discipline not from study but from athletics?

School, College and Character by L. B. R. Briggs.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1905. NUMBER 4

The day will come when a man rather than build a great house for the overflow of a mighty hospitality, will give himself in the personal labor of outgoing love, to build spiritual houses like St. Paul—a higher art than any of man's invention. O my brother, what were it not for thee to have a hand in making thy brother beautiful.

—George MacDonald.

The appointment of Professor Henry Thurston, of the Chicago Normal School, as chairman of the Court Committee of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, gives a distinct promise for the broadening of the influence of that court. The system has long ceased to be of tentative character, and for this reason we hope that the present legislature will establish the position of the probation officers as public employes, and provide for their liberal compensation. Professor Thurston will be in position to study the influence of the court from every standpoint, parental, educational and sociological, and his efforts cannot fail to add dignity and value to the work of child-saving. The correlating of the immense amount of material that passes through the hands of the court, the proper appreciation of the constructive forces that tend to upbuild the citizenship of a complex city community demand the knowledge and tact that Professor Thurston can so ably supply.

Allendale Farm is a name unknown to many of our readers, yet it has existed among us for almost ten years, increasing the circle of its friends gradually but steadily. Its central thought is to furnish for the friendless city boy a home in the country where he can be free from any semblance of institutional control, where he can receive his education under conditions healthful for both his body and his mind. Edward L. Bradley, a member of the class of 1884 in Princeton, had the breadth of vision and ideals to plan the beginning of the home in 1895, and has had the courage and patience to carry it forward until at the present time a pleasant group of cottages near Lake Villa forms a true and democratic home for fifty of our young citizens. We are glad that the Allendale Association has issued recently a booklet giving a brief outline of their accomplishment and aspirations. Such a successful effort to aid in the solution of the child problem cannot fail to be of universal interest.

The latest advices from the Illinois Legislature contain a distinct note of encouragement as to the probable passage of a comprehensive State Civil Service Law. The fact that the Civil Service Committee of the House reported out and recommended a bill covering only the State charitable institutions lead us to fear that the legislators had forgotten the pledges on which they had been elected to the office, had closed their eyes to the real needs of the State service, and were prepared to disregard the wishes of the people. This fear has been allayed to some extent by the action of the committee in reporting out a second bill comprehensive and satisfactory. The Republican party in this State has not yet erased the unsavory records of the two preceding administrations; it now has the opportunity. We have every confidence that the present administration wishes to redeem its own pledges and the pledges of the Republican party by passing the comprehensive bill without amendment;—of the ability of the administration so to do no one has any doubt. It will be suicidal for the party to do otherwise. We hear much of the "enlightened selfishness" which intelligently yields when necessary. We recommend the expression to those who represent us in Springfield. The voters wish a real merit law and have expressed their wishes. Compliance will allow us to retain some vestige of faith in the platforms of political parties, and the pledges of candidates for office.

In the February number of the *Illinois Medical Journal* appeared an editorial that could not fail to be of general interest to readers of UNITY. It deals with the proposed teaching of applied Social Science in the University of Illinois. Such teaching is at present a novel field. Harvard University and Simmons College are jointly engaged in developing a school of sociology, while the University of Chicago has begun an Institute of Social Science and Arts, and the New York Charity Organization Society has received a large endowment for its School of Philanthropy. It is proposed to institute such a branch of teaching at our State University; it is but natural to suppose that the opportunity to gain this instruction will appeal to many young men and women who see in the needs of our State institutions a congenial field for their activity; yet, until the blight of the spoils system has been remedied by a State civil service law, skilled service cannot be secured and retained. It is interesting to appreciate that even as we hope to receive from the State Legislature a comprehensive Merit Law, we find the journal of the medical profession of this State alive to the enlarged opportunity which this law will bring them. In the reorganization of the Dunning Institutions and the Cook County Hospital, in the proposed sanitarium for sufferers from tuberculosis, we have had instances of their splendid zeal and sacrifice. In their keenness to assist in the betterment of the State Institutions, they stand for the finest citizenship. We join in their hope that the State Legislature will appropriate a sum sufficient to properly maintain the proposed course of instruction.

Already the bird hunter is abroad in the city parks and the suburbs. This bird hunter is not, however, one of the old-fashioned kind, he peers not over the doubled barreled gun that is to scatter destruction among the feathered tribes, but through the double barrels of a field glass whereby there is brought near to his gaze the endless vaudeville of the feathered performers that he watches with interest and sympathy. How different this from what transpired when the middle-aged men of today were boys. Then to go bird hunting was to use the gun or sling shot. To see a bird was to use it as a target for some missile. Today in the parks or fields the roughest boys may be seen defending a nest or a young bird from a despoiler of some kind. The reason for this change is to be found in the lessons in nature-love taught in our public schools. It only needed knowledge of the innocent and lovable nature of the bird to interest the young in bird life and with interest in their habits and manners came the sympathy that protects them. In most of our city schools there is a rivalry among these bird hunters, not to see who can bring in the most heads, but to be the one to see and be able to correctly list the most birds. Each new arrival from the south land is thus welcomed by many friends who watch with delight its antics in the spring sunshine and with interest its start at home-building.

The school is the source of much light that creates humane and noble sentiments, but it seems to the observer that in no place has it served men more than in making friends of the children and the birds. The advantage is not all with the birds, for it leads the young and old afield in healthful exercise and enriches the noble emotions of sympathy and imagination.

Some time ago a distinguished resident of Chicago issued a book in which he became reminiscent upon his boyhood days, and in speaking of them he said that when a boy he often pondered over the reason why his parents made him eat bread when he preferred pie and only allowed him pie after his appetite had been largely satisfied by other food. The conclusion at which he arrived in his mature years and set forth in his book was that his parents were wrong, and if one wants pie he should have it, and if he wants no bread he should have all pie. This is a conclusion that is being widely accepted in our age, but some voices are being raised in protest. The protests arise from many reasons. The first among them is that there is not pie enough to satisfy the hunger of all, and if any eat nothing else some must go without. Those who want nothing but pie satisfy their appetites at the expense of others. Again, a diet of pie is not wholesome, and he who eats not coarse bread knows not the health that attends a good appetite created by a bitter relish —in other words he loves not duty, but seeks an easy way. He feeds not for strength, but for pleasure. How thoroughly this is illustrated in the confessions of Oscar Wilde. He says: "The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Desire, at the end, was a malady or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me and passed on. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility." Is he not a type of our time? Is not the clamor for pie abroad in the land? What we need is a strong rally about the standard set by the strong, sensible words of President Roosevelt, spoken at the "Mother's Congress" at Washington. As applied to life in general they were bread; yea, the bread of life. Pie may be all right in its place, but that is after bread. It is not for a diet, but an occasional pleasure.

Susan B. Anthony's eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated in all parts of the country, but the celebration in her own city of Rochester will have peculiar interest for UNITY readers on account of the place of meeting, and some of the speakers who took part in the program. The Political Equality Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gannett to celebrate the day. The general topic was "What the Women of the New Century Owe to the Women of the Last Century and to Miss Anthony."

We quote from the *Woman's Tribune*:

Miss Mabel A. Clark, the President, gave the welcome, after which Miss Ruth H. Dennis told "What Woman's New Education Owes," dwelling especially on Miss Anthony's coming to the rescue and raising the $100,000 which was required to open the University of Rochester to women. Mrs. W. S. Montgomery spoke of "What Woman's New Occupations Owe." Miss Anthony, she said, had been one of the women who had taught other women the joy of labor. Nothing more particularly characterizes Miss Anthony's mission to women than just this one sentence of Mrs. Montgomery's. Miss Anthony has not only taught this joy to women, but has made them feel her joy in all their work.

Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf spoke of "What Woman's New Social Service Owes." Miss Anthony has shown us, she said, unfailingly our individual responsibility to our fellows and that true hospitality does not consist in the loaded table and prodigal display, but in the heart-felt welcome and the fraternal feeling. Mrs. Gannett's division of the subject was "The New Dignity That Motherhood Owes," and she said the movement which Miss Anthony represents had given a new nobility to marriage, for it had taught that the mother shares responsibilities with the father.

Little Dorothy Osborn, presenting a bouquet, told in the following words "What the Coming Woman Will Owe:"

I bring these flowers to speak for the new generation now coming forward, to tell our gratitude for the more beautiful life that you and your fellow-workers have opened to us. Everything is flowering for us. The colleges are opening to us over the land. We shall make our living in a hundred ways where our mothers had one. So our heads and our hands will be strong to do more good for the world than women have ever before been able to do. And we feel that this new power will make our hearts larger and sweeter for all that home means. You have given your life for this flowering of womanhood, and the girls of the new century bring you flowers to say that —and to thank you.

And Lewis S. Gannett spoke for the coming man:

And I, just a boy, want to thank you for us who are on our way to be men. The girls are not going to flower without us. The better "woman" there is in the world, the better "man" will stand by her side. If sisters can be better, if mothers

can be dearer, than ours—though we don't see how they can—then boys are bound to be truer men, to match them. So you have lived for us also. Though two, we are one, after all, and we shall grow nobler together. Come back to us fifty years hence, and we, working together to make them, will show you juster laws, more equal conditions, gentler homes—and to you and yours they will largely be due. The boys of the new century bring you their flowers and thank you.

University Ideals.

The serious illness of President Harper has drawn attention anew to the quality that is needed to make a successful college president in the beginning of the twentieth century. Formerly scholarship was the one requisite, today the scholarship must be respectable, perhaps equal to what the past required, but added to this there must be decided business ability. In this age even the minister must be a man of affairs with organizing and administrative ability if he is to succeed. In our large cities churches that have been all but abandoned because it was commonly held that the people who cared for such a church had largely moved away have been rejuvenated by energetic business methods on the part of the minister whereby he proved to men the value of his church by meeting real human needs. When this is true of ministers it is in a much larger degree true of the college president. But is this the final order of things? Is it the ideal? It would seem to the thoughtful that it is neither. The college president of today, especially in the largest universities, is a czar. The great responsibility that rests upon him comes from the fact that he is given power, upon him rests the whole policy of the institution and its success or failure is laid at his door. Even in our state institutions the managing board is dominated by the president of the school. The rage among our institutions of learning today seems to be for material prosperity; size in endowments, attendance and buildings are eagerly sought. But does not all of this only mark an immature condition? Is it not a spirit born out of modern strenuosity? Of course, it is useful in its way, for vast equipments are being brought together that form in their combination wonderful elements of power, but the question all questions above is, what use is to be made of this power? At present this is largely dictated by the man who has the business ability to gather the equipment. Of necessity he strives to make the education offered in his school a popular brand that the institution may be built up. His is the directing spirit and his ideals become those of the whole institution whose head he is. It is probably necessary to the great future usefulness of our colleges and universities that they be built up by a single dominating mind that handles material resources with wondrous skill, but when this has been accomplished, will not our institutions of learning be governed by a less autocratic method, will not each one of them be ruled by a democracy of learning? If they are to reach their highest usefulness to the highest needs of man it must be through a college spirit that is not born of the athletic field nor the fine housing of the school nor its great endowment, but of a permeating spirit of a love for what the noblest education can do for men.

This can never come from our present day system of government, but must be born out of something similar to the senate of the English universities. No directing mind is broad enough to embrace all of the virtues needed in a school for manhood, especially a mind seeking to build a school great in material things.

We all will hail the day when the building of institutions is complete and all branches bring their garnered treasures to make the democracy that shall mark the mellow concord of the college of the future. Here shall ideals prevail that will make self-seeking seem base and human uplift placed above all else.

A Word About Edwin Arnold.

Edwin Arnold is sometimes identified with Matthew Arnold. But I believe the two men were not related. They were in most respects very different persons. The one thing they have in common is, that they were literary men and poets of some distinction. Matthew Arnold spent his whole life in England, was for thirty-five years a government inspector of English schools and thus was closely identified with English educational work, and rose to eminence as a poet and literary critic. Edwin Arnold went out from England in early manhood to India, where he was principal of a college for some years, and then returned to London and was long an editorial writer on one of the great London dailies. While engaged in this work he published a poem which attracted to him the eyes of the whole English-speaking world. It was his "Light of Asia," the story of the life of Buddah told in verse. After a few years he gave up his editorial writing and devoted the rest of his life to literature proper.

His distinction is his warm sympathy with oriental races and religions, and the great service he rendered to the people of Great Britain and America in bringing to their attention some of the best oriental literature. I said that he lived some years in India. Later he lived several years in Japan, a country with which he was greatly charmed. There he married a Japanese wife—seemingly a most estimable lady—with whom he appears to have lived very happily, first in Japan, and afterward in London, up to the time of his death last year.

As a prose writer Edwin Arnold was graphic and strong. His best prose books are upon subjects connected with the Orient, but he will be longest remembered by his poetry.

Besides his "Light of Asia," which is his greatest poem, he wrote a volume entitled "Indian Idylls"—tales in verse from the famous Indian Epic, the Mahabharata; and three or four other volumes devoted to Indian themes, some of the poems being original and others being vivid and interesting translations into

English verse of poems or parts of poems selected from the large body of Indian poetic literature, which is almost unknown to the Western world. He also gave us a volume of Mohammedan poems, entitled "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary," and a volume of poetry from the Persian, entitled "With Sa'di in the Garden."

Thus he placed the English-speaking world under a great debt to him, by giving to us in attractive English form more of the choicest poetry of the Buddhists, the Hindoos and the Mohammedans than comes to us from any other writer. This is no small service on his part. It is something for which the Western world should be deeply grateful. Such books as he has written tend to let the West know the East as it really is; they enable us see oriental civilization and religion from the inside. They operate to break down barriers and prejudices, and help us to understand that the great heart of humanity is one, in Asia, in Europe and America. Yes, and they help us also to see that the deepest elements in all religions are largely one. We divide over sacred books, over names of prophets and teachers, and over certain speculative doctrines and forms of worship. But love is the same in all. Moral ideals are largely the same; and the spirit of worship in all is almost absolutely identical. More than any other writer of his generation, Edwin Arnold was the interpreter of the East to the West. We of the West know the East a little more sympathetically and truly, because of what he wrote. We may well remember gratefully and with honor a man who accomplished so important a work as this for his age.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Toronto, Canada.

Shared.

I said it in the meadow-path,
I say it on the mountain-stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within;
Life, with its unlocked treasuries,
God's riches, are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness
Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest you bless,
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way,
That opens into worlds unknown;
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich by my brother's poverty!
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.

Lucy Larcom.

THE PULPIT.

World Problems.

LECTURE BY DR. H. W. THOMAS, GIVEN AT CITRONILLO, ALA., CHAUTAUQUA, MARCH 6TH.

The strange fact of life, of existence and being, is to each one a personal experience. Each life is so separated from all other lives that it must eat and breathe for itself; has its own sensations of pleasure or pain; each mind must think for itself, and each heart knows its own sorrows and joys.

But over against this fact of individuality, separateness, is the larger fact of the associate, the relatedness of life. The individual cannot live alone, but is conditioned in the mutuality of the relationships of one life with other lives, as in the home, the school, the state, the church, the business and work of a world. It is only in these relationships that the individual life can have in any large sense the power to do and become. The will of man is practically free only in so far as it can be actualized in deeds. It is one thing to be free to will, free to try; it is another thing to be able to do. It is only as the many wills work together that man can accomplish great things, cross continents and oceans in less days than it used to take weeks, and send his messages around the earth in an hour.

The problems of life arise from and have to do with the nature, needs and the conditioning environments common to mankind, hence in some form they have always been present. And the same problems have been continuous; the long ages have toiled upon the same tasks of body, mind and heart, have tried to do the same things, but in different ways, and to think upon the same questions, but with different conclusions.

From such reflections it is easy to see how these great and continuous tasks and questions become universal—World Problems. Man is essentially a social being, an institutional being; and hence, has naturally, necessarily sought to institutionalize his world. To meet his physical needs have arisen the many forms and divisions of labor, and as a correlation, the possession of feeling or the sense of ownership, the rights of property, and along with these, the related fact of representative values, of money or capital.

Such a condition of multitudinous and related industries naturally called for regulatory rules and definitions of individual and associate rights and duties and some recognized authority to make them effective. Hence, the institutionalized world must have some form of government.

And all this means that man is a creature of more than mere physical force. Industry and government make a mind-world, a rational order. Nor can we stop at this. These relations involve the questions and facts of the great virtues of truth, honesty, justice and the emotions of sympathy, of love.

The simple fact is, whether we would have it so or not, we are in a moral order. The questions and facts of right, of duty cannot be put aside; they are a part of and rise up out of the fundamental facts of the mental nature and relations of man to man. The fact of sex carries in itself the duties and obligations of social purity and the sacredness of the home. The relations of labor and capital and business carry in themselves the imperatives of social justice. The tremendous fact of a moral order as an essential part of an institutional world does not rest upon the civil law, the statutes of the state; it does not rest upon the Bible; these are expressions of a something that is deeper. The moral order has its foundations in the

world beyond the books and the legislations of a congress. It is in the very constitution of things. It is in the nature and relations of man. It is in God. It is God; it is love; goodness in action.

Hence the institutionalized world of man looks to the rational and the moral; hence it must have homes, schools and government, and from all these it naturally has the church and religion. In all these have been the great World-Problems of the past, and in a larger sense the problems of the present, for the life of mankind was never so closely related industrially, commercially, educationally, governmentally and religiously as now. These wonderful years are bringing all nations and peoples nearer together. The day is at hand when all minds and hearts should think and act from the standpoint of the universal good.

When we look out upon this vast world-scene of the countless generations of human beings coming, and going, all with a common nature, common needs and environments, and each in its time toiling over the same problems of body, mind and soul, the life of man begins to take on larger meanings. Placed under thought, this world-scene, though ever changing, appears as a whole with its related parts, and all as a continuous progressive order of the ever becoming.

It is not possible in this passing study to follow the process from its low and far-off beginnings through the ages of the evolution of its institutionalized forms. In such a study suggestively presented, there is the outer or objectivized side of what the ages have done along the lines of the physical, of the hard work done, the long wars fought, the governments and religions founded. All this is the outside; it is the strange story of history; it has its place and value.

But if we are to have a vision of the real meaning of such a world-scene, we must go deeper; we must see man as more than a physical organism with material needs, appetites and passions. These are facts and factors, they appear in the foreground of action, but back of and beneath the objective, is the larger, finer and higher being and world of mind, of spirit, the real being in the world of the rational and the moral. The philosophy of history must see back of all the outer changes, the struggles and higher becomings of the inner life of thinking and feeling.

It is in the evolution of thought, reason, imagination, emotion, of the moral qualities of being that relate man to the Infinite that we must find the mastery of mind over matter, the sources of the beautiful in art; the higher harmonies of the soul in music, the patriotism that dies for a country, the martyrdom that goes to the stake for a principle, a Socrates dying for the truth, the Christ in the garden and on the cross.

It is this fact of a moral order within the material order that gives to the long life of our world its profound significance. Out of these measureless depths and heights of the soul-world, and God, the great religions have been born; out of these conscience and the principles of liberty and justice have slowly found their way into governments, and the great life of love and brotherhood are coming to rule and bless a world.

It is in this inner deeper soul-life that the great meanings and abiding inspiration and power of the world's Bibles and great literatures are found. It is the inner struggle of each life, the dualism of good and evil, the battle between the lower and the higher, the negative and the positive, universalized, that gives literature its high place. It is the myths—and the reality of the story of Eden; it is the tragedy of Helen and the Trojan war; it is Dante astray in the Dark Woods; it is Milton's fallen Satan, Faust's Struggle of a Soul, Wagner's Parsifal. It is Jesus in the mount of Temptation.

Trying to stand at the inner centres of thought and soul life, let us now in briefest suggestion, look at some of the World Problems as they appear and have to be dealt with in our own time.

We have seen that by nature and necessity man is an institutional being, hence government is one of the world's continuous problems. As it is only in association that the will of man can accomplish large things, the problem is how to conserve the freedom of the individual, and at the same time secure the strength of the united action of the many. It is one will facing another will, and the only possible solution is in Free-Will, Willing Free-Will. And that is Democracy, the rule of the people, a government of the free.

In this there is—must be, a measure of self-surrender of personal freedom for the common good, but what is lost in this way comes back a thousand fold in the larger power of the individual to do in working with the united will. And thus we see that government is for man, not man for government. Democracy is not repression, but larger expression. It means, not the freedom of the capricious will, but of the educated, the disciplined will. Imperialism is government enforced from without; Democracy is government self chosen and enforced.

Herbert Spencer has well said that a Democracy is the last and most difficult task of mankind; that the tendency of government is to get away from the people, to become a power in itself and to use that power for personal and party ends. The lesson to us as a great nation of the free is to prepare ourselves more and more for such a high place among the nations. The principles of patriotism have to be re-created in each generation. We have no Washington, no Lincoln to lead this land now. We cannot too carefully cherish the memories and inspirations of our sacred past, cannot too carefully guard against the dangers of political corruption, and the lowering of our high ideals of liberty. Our enforced rule over the Philippines is a source of sadness to many loyal souls in this land, and many see with alarm the tendency to an oligarchy, a plutocracy, the rule of the few and the rich, and the danger of public disregard for all law. We should all rejoice in national expansion, but not expansion by conquest, and rejoice in our growth and prosperity; but the enduring greatness, the moral grandeur of our country must be in the high moral qualities of the people and our lofty ideals. Henceforth the World Problem must be the Democracy of mankind.

Closely related to government are the problems of militarism and industrialism. In the early tribal ages wars were almost continuous. As the stronger conquered the weaker, tribes were consolidated in kingdoms under the military despotism of the victorious chiefs. Then, wars of conquest or extermination were waged between the kingdoms. Alexander the Great and the Caesars conquered the world. With the fall of Rome the nations of Europe slowly took shape, and in more recent years the march has been for the conquest of Asia and Africa. All in all, the history of the world has been largely the story of its wars.

The strong men have gone to battle; the aged, the feeble, the women and children have toiled to support the armies. And all this seemed natural, was natural from the standpoint of physical force and the right of conquest. But a change was gradually working its way; the ships and highways and inventions necessary to war, became the helpers of industry, the

peaceful pursuits of agriculture led the people away from the destructive ideas and feelings of war; industrialism called for the creative forces, and business required security, and from all these sources there has come and is coming more and more every day, a feeling against war, a revolt against its fearful costs and losses.

Henceforth industrialism will be in the foreground; the nations of the earth will come into the treaty relations of peace, and world-courts will arbitrate questions of dispute. And this great change is coming sooner than we have thought it possible; it is a growing sentiment from the soul side of being; it is a conviction of common sense on the commercial and economic side. Nations that have no other way to settle their quarrels than by an appeal to force, are only half civilized. The appeal should be to justice, and a world police could easily enforce its decisions.

The idea of the sovereignty of nations so universally accepted in international law, is right in so far as it refers to the laws and institutions of a people, their right to manage their own affairs. But there is, must be, a limit to national sovereignty. No nation has or can have a moral right to legalize positive wrong. Over all such claims and abuses is the supreme sovereignty of justice, of the rights of man, the sovereignty of humanity and God, and this will be enforced by the enlightened and quickened conscience of a world. World Peace is the first and most urgent problem of these great years.

We are beginning to understand a little of the possibilities, the high meaning and mission of industrialism, of man as a worker, a creator, and of the augmented power of labor supplemented by the mastery of natural forces in the uses of machinery. It has come so suddenly that we hardly know what to do with it, and it has made possible abuses, the oppression of the weak and the aggregation of fabulous fortunes; it has naturally centralized industries and specialized forms of labor.

We are in the midst of the mightiest transition ever known, and it is not alone in the uses of outer forces; beneath these are the greater changes going on in the minds and hearts, the thinking and feeling of the millions. Everything is being universalized.

In the early years of the past century Adam Smith's theories went so far as to specialize the work of nations in the division of labor: Russia was to be a grain raising country; England was to manufacture for all Europe, and practically did so for fifty years or more. But such specializations were not in line with the higher laws and purposes that look not alone to the making of things, but primarily to the making of man. Man is a creator; Froebel is right in accentuating this creative impulse. Hence man needs the many forms of labor, and in the last fifty years the countries of Europe have all become manufacturing as well as agricultural. Russia, Germany, France, are competing with England, and Italy, without minerals or fuel, is creating about all she needs in the products of iron and steel. The healthy tendency is, for each nation to produce in all lines what it needs, and to consume its own products.

The use of machinery has changed everything, and now we are just entering the new field of the culture of life that promises not less wonderful results in improved farming gardening fruits and flowers in larger quantities and finer qualities, and in all animal life, than machinery has wrought in the field of forces. Machinery is making possible the results of agriculture on larger scales, but is also opening up a new world of intensive farming and gardening on a small scale. One acre under the new methods is equal to four or five under the old.

Along with Adam Smith's division of national labor, was the Matthusian doctrine of the danger of over-production, that the earth could not support the increasing population, and we used to hear supposedly intelligent persons saying that war and pestilence were nature's way of killing off the useless and surplus people. That argument that was a kind of support and boast of the falsely named aristocracy, has no standing now. Under high culture this country alone can easily feed the whole world.

We have feared the effects of the centralization of labor and capital, and it has unfortunate results. But somehow great Nature has a way of correcting evils, and now we see the distribution of mechanical forces supplementing the struggles of the suffering and often failing industries of the smaller shops; little cities are springing up all over Europe—far up in Russia, and around these are arising the improved methods of intensive farming and gardening, and the toiling shop workers can have the change of a few hours each day in working with nature, with life; and in this way not only increasing their income, but what is far more, enlarging and enriching their own lives. The dull monotony and din of machinery deadens the life of the millions of toilers. The creative impulse is lost in the multitudinous divisions of labor where no worker creates anything. Think of working all one's years on the nineteenth part of a pin, or the lesser part of a watch.

There is coming a new education that looks to the making of the whole being, to the creative impulse. The old idea of education, largely in the classics, was for the aristocracy; it created a class; and this idea is still extant with many. But a great change is near in which we shall see that the equipment of a college with farms and shops where students can work their way, is better than an endowment where students go out knowing everything, but cannot do anything. Industrial education is the next World Problem.

The age of the people is near when all will be educated, and here labor will be exalted and culture find its place and value in the field, the shop, the home, in all the useful arts of doing. That will give our suffering world balanced bodies, brains and hearts. Tolstoy is right in claiming that every child should be taught to work; it is the great school and lesson of self-respect, of the knowledge of values and the equality of the rights of man. It is the best school—church of morality. One who has never worked must have a hard time trying to be religious.

In the threatening struggles between labor and capital, labor has the first place; labor was before capital, created capital; capital is the "Dead Hand", labor the living hand. But capital is necessary, has its place and rights. The law of justice and the sense of brotherhood are the only peaceful solution. Our commercialized age should reflect the meaning of all this struggle is not alone nor mainly in things; the real values are in life, and the great aim of all should be to make larger and better lives, to make it possible for the toiling millions to rise to better conditions. Such is the solidarity of things that mankind must rise or fall together.

Greatest of all, gathering up the meaning and end of all, is the World Problem of Religion. Upon no other is there more need of larger thinking. Many of the old beliefs are dropping out of present thought; the rising generation is tending to agnosticism and indifference. Religion is asking for a restatement; it must be seen, not as some old dogma to be accepted upon authority, but as a profound reality appealing to the reason and conscience, as the attitude of the soul, as an inner consciousness of the Divine, a glad consenting to and going with the Divine, seeking to

know and do the will of God, a life of reverence, of love to be lived. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man.

The final foundations of religion are not in any book, are not affected by any truths of science or Higher Criticism. The foundations of religion are in the world beyond the books, in the soul and God. Inspiration is natural, continuous; the Divine is ever present and speaking to man, seeking to make real the life of the Christ in all souls.

There can be no greater loss to any age or people than the loss of this consciousness of the Infinite. It lowers all ideals, lessens all life, shuts up the soul to sense and time, weakens the imperative of the right, obscures the vision of morally sublime and cuts off the path of hope.

But God lives; religion cannot die; there is coming a larger and better faith and hope; coming the religion of love to man and God in which divisions and strifes shall cease and the souls of earth be one in the brotherhood of a world.

"Alone In the World."

A SERMON BY REV. WILSON M. BACKUS.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.
—Jean Ingelow.

Oh Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee. Ps. 84, 12 vs.

The necessity in our human nature for a source of reliance is very great.

Those who are able to stand alone are very few and usually very unlovely. Dickens has given us a vivid picture of this sort of a man in the person of Ralph Nickleby. Cold, selfish, calculating, without a single generous emotion, he stood alone in the world, neither giving nor receiving any of that sympathy which it seems to be the nature of man to seek and give. In history we have an illustration in Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stratford. Calm, self-contained, ambitious and unscrupulous he stood alone weaving policies which might promote the power of the king and elevate himself. For the welfare of his nation or its liberties he cared not. Unloved and unloving he was forced to meet his doom alone, deserted even by the king he served.

In my personal experience there has come to me two different sensations of loneliness. One is the loneliness of a large city where one stands among the surging crowds, no familiar face to break the monotony of the sea of strange faces, no eyes to speak in pleasing recognition their message of friendliness, of interest, or of kindliness. The other is the loneliness of nature's vastness. Its great woodlands or stretches of plain, or the starlit sky of night, or the illimitable expanse of ocean. When one stands alone in their presence he seems to feel his apartness from his kind very much, but there seems also to be another power that takes possession of the soul and assures it that in spite of its atomic size it is yet a part and parcel of the whole. To him who thus stands before the majesty of nature, even while awed by her immensity, there comes a feeling that he is not alone and uncared for. The stars to him are eyes to return his emotions, and those who face nature the most soon learn to people that which is inanimate to the dweller of the city with life which speaks to his life. But the city's loneliness is something different, it has lost that freshness which springs from nature's heart. The tall buildings, the grime, the crowds have shut out sympathy, and despair seizes upon the lonely one.

It is for this reason that a high type of civilization breeds such a contempt for life in so many. And yet if life is anything it is a divine gift—a thing to cherish, to mellow, to round, to make worthy of all the glories of mind and heart that are made possible for it to achieve. And it is to this end that all of life's beneficent forces act, while all other forces work to its narrowing, embittering—its lack of worth.

Of course, it is utterly impossible for one to stand wholly alone in the world for any considerable time, for the very nature that we have with its manifold wants and aspirations leads us into contact with our kind. The whole human fabric is in touch; great currents of commerce from all parts of the world mingle our wants and our works with man's everywhere. All waves of social emotion and thought penetrate to every nook and cranny of the community, adding their mite to the formation of character, good or bad. But these things are only general. They are the common every day of life. In all of us is present a necessity for something more special than this, something to enter into our lives with broadening, sweetening, wholesome effect. It is to supply this need that human love has been given us, or as we might express it the need and the supply have been evolved by our advancing refinement. To the sensitive soul some one to turn to for sympathy and appreciation is a necessity, and to all it is a blessing. How pleasing it is to be with one who has such an affinity of mind or soul for us as to be able to appreciate with the utmost delicacy our every expression and action. There is nothing that takes more of the light out of life than a lack of appreciation by others of our real motives and desires. How many times a proud yet tender heart has withered and bled in secret because misapprehension had condemned where praise was due! A kind hearted gentleman stooped down to loosen the weight that cruel boys had tied to a dog when its teeth met through his hand. It was not accustomed to kindness and only thought that fresh torment was intended. It misunderstood the motive. Even so from all time has kindheartedness met with such return from those who did not understand. From the dog it could be forgiven, for he could know no better, but often it comes from those who should know better. I do not suppose that Columbus was disturbed by the jeers and mockery of the street boys half as much as he was by the scoff and scorn of the courtiers who thronged the court of Arragon and Castile. The gamin could be forgiven for his very ignorance, but the courtier should have seen the great heart and daring purpose of the great discoverer and ceased his smooth-faced sneer. It was so with the gentle "man of sorrows." He found those who, partly at least, appreciated his love for God and man, else had his work not gone on after his death. But who were they who appreciated him who "spake as never man spoke?" It was not those whom one would expect. It was not the learned led up to an understanding of what he taught by their studies of the great truths of their religion, but the common people. And those who should have seen the great heart of love, tender and true, that wept over the sin and sorrow of men and which would fain have gathered the sorrowing ones of earth into its generous breadth of sympathy and brotherly love, saw it not and in jealous rage crucified him. It is small wonder that such a soul aflame with love for his nation and the individual man should have wept over Jerusalem and uttered the lamentation that has been repeated so often as a sublime expression of grief and pity. And yet that ten-

der heart had to go still farther in its sorrow at the inability of others to understand it. In Gethsemane he had his struggle all alone, even those who knew best his teachings and his love could not understand him in his supreme hour of need and alone he wrestled with his soul while his disciples slept—slept! ah, how expressive of that apathy which the finest souls find and which causes them to walk this earth alone. But the desertion did not end here, for he went to his death alone. Is it any wonder that torn from all who loved him, hooted, derided, murdered, his heartrending cry should pierce the heavens: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Alone in the world he hung upon a cross for conscience's sake. Can the good, the brave, the true look upon it without sorrow tugging at their heart strings. And there are many that we meet in mart and street crying that same sad cry to-day. Bereft of all, homeless, alone, they cry that heart-broken cry of Calvary "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And the brazen heavens open not in answer! It has always been so. I imagine that John Brown, whatever may have been his sanity, certainly a clean, tender hearted man, felt that same despairing cry well up in his throat. Misunderstood, despised, forsaken, he had not the courage to await the day when slavery should cease because of men's better knowledge but must prematurely strive to break its shackles. Yet in his soul was that high love for man and devotion to his supposed call to duty that has ever marked the duty loving fanatic, but which has in time stirred the world until he who walked alone in life has had a multitude of followers when dead. But it is not the high examples alone of which we need take note, nor the tragic ones; for there may be at our firesides those who are alone in the world because of our own lack of appreciation or sympathy. Do husband and wife walk apart though wedded? Are her or his ideas, and longings, and yearnings treated as mere fancies, things to be scorned? Is he or she allowed to go through the watch in Gethsemane alone? If so wonder not that cool indifference has taken the place of love. Is there a delicate, shrinking child in our home that those of coarser clay make sport of because of its delicate imaginings and do we repress and frighten instead of drawing out the subtle and interesting fancies of the child mind? If so, we are making one alone who ought not to be alone in the world. There is nothing more sad to contemplate than the contact of the delicate and the coarse and see the shrinking and pain that comes to the sensitive one. Oh, that men would try to know each other better! Of course we need, none of us, ever expect to be fully understood, the power to understand each other fully having been denied us, hence each one of us must expect to measurably stand alone. We may have lived half a life-time with one and yet be surprised at some sudden unfolding of an unsuspected capability, or beauty, or emotion. We often mistake shyness for pride; not being able to put ourselves in the place of the one we misjudge. Thus, perforce, are we "alone in the world" to some degree. But often much of our loneliness is our own fault; if we gave sympathy we should receive it, and our aloftness is often a prime cause of our aloneness. Whatever may be the cause of our holding ourselves away from our kind, sensitiveness, pride or indisposition, it should be overcome, for it narrows life and a narrow life is never wholesome or happy. The only hopeless and bitter skepticism I have ever found among men or women has been that caused by this aloneness. They have ceased to cry out "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and say, "There is no God!" I do not say that this attitude is right, but it is lamentably true. Where human love and sympathy and truth are found trust comes easily, but where there is no sympathy or truth, trust comes but meagerly. Hence the necessity for some one to turn to for appreciation, for real help—some strong and ready one. Did one have a good thought that was capable of creating a noble emotion, that thought is better if it can be shared with another, for the sympathy created warms it into more vigorous life. Thus sympathy is the nursery of virtue. It is motherhood that develops the tenderness of childhood. How sad it is to see childhood "alone in the world," for it is so apt to be hard and bitter. It would be more so if it were not that the child's affections, repulsed when they ought to be encouraged, are very apt to find some other channel of expression. I believe that there is nothing that so lightens life's way as mutual sympathy. Mark the man in the community that is most relied upon; it is the sympathetic man. It is the one best able to understand another. As I have said, there is always in all people a desire for appreciation; in some it is vague and dumb, yet it is there. The wail of the prophet is not over his poverty, hunger, or martyrdom, but because he receives no sympathy, because he stands alone. This is what causes the man lost in the forest to lose his reason and the shipwrecked mariner to forget that he is a man. Men are brave and true when with those who sympathize with them, but often cowards and untrue when alone or among those who are unfriendly.

As we learn more of life's real depths as exhibited in human nature we learn to think more kindly of sentiment. We smile at the effusions of the very sentimental, perhaps justly, and yet to them their sentiment is all in all, and the appreciation that they demand is the light of life to them. To take away sympathy and affection would be to shut off the supply of life. This need is too universal, from the hardest headed and hearted of our race to the most tender, for one to scoff at it in others. Even Ralph Nicklebv and Arthur Gride expressed a ghoulish sort of sympathy for each other in their various unholy enterprises. Religion has ever recognized this need of human nature. It has not been the Christian religion alone, but all forms. The Buddhistic devotee, suffering from various causes, bows his head before the wooden Buddha and says: "Thou knowest, oh Lord Buddha, for thou went'st the way before." And the Christian, bereft of human sympathy, the whole world seemingly devoid of light, takes his burden to Jesus and pours out his grief and woe in his name. I do not doubt but what it does each devotee untold good, relieving the tension of his mind, as it does when we meet one who sympathizes with our grief and in his sympathy it is more than half gone. The Catholic church has always provided a retreat for those "alone in the world" where in meditation and prayer and devotion they might spend that life which lack of human sympathy or love had made valueless to them, pouring out their sorrows in confessions and prayers.

The Protestant has made, too often, I think, the prayer meeting a place of confessional, for I believe that those more delicate things which separate us from sympathy, appreciation or love, are too sacred to be shown to the world, even to a religious gathering. Hawthorne says: "So far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face, nor am I, nor have I ever been, one of those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts delicately fried with brain sauce, as a tidbit for the beloved public." He has been truest to himself in all of life's relations, nor does it at all put him out of the pale of sympathy, who can say: "My conscience does not reproach me

with betraying anything too sacredly individual to be revealed by a human spirit to its brother or sister spirit." But that there should be a balm in religion is true. Where should one look for comfort from these most serious and sacred troubles if it be not in religion! Even the great faith of Jesus was daunted in his darkest hour of aloneness. Is it any wonder then that the poor outcast who has drank the lees in his or her cup of life should see no light in heaven or on earth? Or is it any wonder that those crucified upon a cross of cruelty, crowned with the thorns of indifference and pierced by the spear of evil-mindedness should fail to see the light? But the light is here, as many who have thus suffered have seen and known. Jesus faltered, but it was only for a moment. Those deepest plunged in darkness ofttimes come to see the light. There is but one place where the light dwelleth, and that is in Divine Love.

In St. Peter's college, or Peter House, as it is most commonly called, the oldest college in Cambridge, there is a very ancient window that was brought from the Low Countries. It is in the chapel and from the outside it is a very bad looking window indeed, being but a patchwork of dark glass; from the inside it is not much handsomer, being a very ordinary looking window from most points of view, but the verger takes the visitor to a spot from which the light is seen to come through the window in such a manner as to blend the window into a perfect whole, the full beauty of its rich, dark colors and their glorious blending meets the eye with perfect harmony and beauty and makes him who sees draw a full deep breath of delight and wonder at the beauty revealed. He has reached the place where the light dwelleth and it has made apparent the beauty. It is the beauty of divine love shining through our human kind in philanthropy, truth and purity that best lightens the glories of Godliness and brings our lives into loving submission to its laws. But when this has not shone for us there is still the way of appreciation. What are these things that glow within me that I fail to find sympathy for in others? They are divine and I shall take them to the divine, and by them I shall appreciate the divine. The divine does not lack for interpreters. The mountain rill, the nodding flowers, the wayside clover, the baby face, the wonders of human knowledge, these as well as myriad other expressions can draw us to that source that does not leave his children alone in the world when they seek to know his face and grasp his hand. It was in this manner that Jesus saw him in which he was not alone. He said, "Behold the lilies of the field, how they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." To him this was a lesson in faith, a poet's insight, and to us all it may be.

When we look to where the light dwelleth we see that faith is all. Elizabeth Oakes Smith has said,

> "Faith is the subtle chain
> That binds us to the Infinite, the voice
> Of a deep life within."

It is at this point of contact that our isolation is lost for faith binds us close to God and in it we see that:

> "Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
> of the suns."

And not alone the thoughts of men but also the hearts of men which is making it less and less necessary for any to stand alone in the world. The great prophets and seers of all times have stood alone because they were nearer God than men. So to-day, if it be that we stand alone because of lack of appreciation from any of the higher causes let it only be to turn to the source of the isolating virtue for comradeship; while if the isolation be of woe or shame—the source of all virtue ever welcomes back the penitent and comforts the broken-hearted. To those who are not thus exalted the blight of aloneness can be removed only by human fellowship and appreciation. The church exists, largely to cultivate the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness that we may not stand in aloneness but in the spirit of human brotherhood. Are we sympathetic within our brotherhood and do we carry our sympathy to our homes, and out into the world? It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive. Do you wish to put this to the test? Then give sympathy where it is needed and witness the response. Goethe said of music: "Thou speakest to me of things which in my endless life, I have not found and shall not." This is also true of the human eye, that window of the soul which at times is uncurtained that we may look deep into its illimitable depths. Sympathy uncurtains the window and we see within the veil into the shekinah, the holy of holies, and if we be at all worthy that sight will abide as a constant source of blessing, for have we not been within a holy place. This is the response that is paid to our sympathy. The eye shows that the soul was touched and helped.

It is but little that any of us can do to uplift the world; but by sympathy to make our homes happy because of happy hearts within, and to carry this same sympathy into the world is to do the best that is in our power, for it will make some one at least know that he is not alone in the world.

I shall close with an illustration that but a short time ago came under my observation of the beneficent power of human sympathy. Two men representing different branches of a political party were partizan opponents. The child of one of them died, and the other man meeting him took his hand and holding it told him with tears in his eyes how sorry he was. The father told me that the sympathy manifested melted his heart and he could have nothing but the warmest feeling toward one who could feel thus deeply for him in his grief. Oh, the might of human kindness, hearts of flint melt before it, and though it does sometimes meet with ingratitude yet it is the power that makes flower gardens out of our hearts in which grow the roses of life which decorate and make worth while life's little day.

The proprietors of many of the saloons in the large cities add music to the other "attractions" of their resorts. Frequently this is furnished by a musician who is both a pianist and a vocalist, whose station is near the street entrance, while the "business" goes on in the back room, behind the screen doors.

Late one night the owner of one of these places observed that his patrons had paused to listen to the clear tenor voice of his musician in the outer room, who was singing an old melody of wonderful sweetness.

Some of them were standing with their glasses half-way to their lips. Others had set their liquor down untasted. He saw one dissipated old "rounder" furtively wipe away a tear. This was enough. He rushed into the outer room.

"Say," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "you mustn't sing that! You're killing business!"

The musician had been singing "The Old Oaken Bucket."—*Youth's Companion.*

"What peace a man brings to himself, and what joy to others, merely by managing himself aright."

Matthew Arnold.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

In the Atlantic for March you will find the opening chapters of a thoroughly first-class story, by Margaret Sherwood. The discussion of Prohibition is also good, and so is Thoreau's Journal, but there is a good deal in this number not much better than what we can pick up anywhere. The letter to Roosevelt is particularly tame.

If you want to know what modern farming is, and how country life is being exalted, and agriculture brought to the front, get the World's Work for March, and read the article, "The Government and the New Farmer." After that, begin a search for a country home; or if you have one now make a study of how best to improve it.

B. Fay Mills sends me seven sermons on the Sermon on the Mount; and Mary Russell Mills sends me a beautifully bound essay on "The Art of Living." Mr. Mills' sermons are keen, theologically generous, and sure to provoke some antagonism as well as endorsement. The two little volumes are fine companions, and will be welcome visitors in kindly homes.

One more book in the "Physical Culture" list comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is rather the best of the whole list. The discussion of food is especially excellent. The author brings out the fact that we are eating at least twice as much as we need, and that the hardest work that we ever do is to get rid of the food we cannot assimilate. I think this book is just about the one that you need in the family. Free from rant, cant, and hobbies. You had better get it. Its title is "The Physical Culture Life."

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have "Kobo," a story of the Russo-Japanese war, by Herbert Strang. This is a lively book, and makes good use of what has gone on in Korea and Manchuria, to work out a first-class story. It reminds me somewhat of Cooper in its use of historic facts, and its lively way of telling a story. It is rather a boy's book than otherwise—with a broad-gauge humor in it. He brings out his heroes, including Mrs. Pottle, all right, and doesn't forget a bit of a love story.

C. P. Putnam's Sons place on my table "The Kaiser as He Is, or the Real William II." This is a witty book, but written from the French standpoint. It probably will do us Americans good to read it, but we must have common sense to draw our own conclusions. It lets in considerable daylight on the ambitions of Europe; but Europe has got her hands full to keep out of bankruptcy, with her standing armies and her autocracy. We shall soon have our hands full if we go much farther in imitating the decayed continent.

Another book from the same firm is another volume in the Heroes of the Nations series. This volume discusses the character and life of Constantine the Great. It is a marvelous subject and it is discussed with a great amount of fairness by Prof. John B. Firth, of Queens College, Oxford. I cannot help recalling what some one has said, "What a pity that Christianity could not have been launched upon the world by such a man as Marcus Antonius, instead of Constantine." It was a bad sponsor for the religion embodied in the work and thought of Jesus Christ.

"The Commonwealth of Man," by Robert A. Holland, is one of the volumes sent out by G.P. Putnam's Sons. This volume comprises the Slocum lectures of 1894, delivered at the University of Michigan. When I say that they are the production of that genial, versatile, noble, brave rector, who has kept St. George's church, in St. Louis, right up to the forefront of religious progress and thought, you will all want to read it; and if you do read it you will never be sorry. The introductory chapter is The Man with the Hoe. This is followed by Progress by Property, The Brother to the Ox, The Ideal Man, The Reign of the Plutocrat, The Future of Society, The Wages of Going On, The Sword of the Lord, etc. Every chapter rings and sings with life and vital thought. There is a brain behind them and a man. Long life to Dr. Holland.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes a thoroughly magnificent work—much needed just now—by Henry Wellington Wack: "The Story of the Congo Free State." This book is superbly gotten up and illustrated in a way to make it very effective. It is a thoroughly careful review of the social, political and economic aspects of this government in Central Africa. It discredits entirely the charges of cruelty against Congo officials, which have been so very current as to shake the world. He certainly has done a great deal to clear up matters. But the reader will, however, conclude that the higher race has probably carried on its enterprises with a very strong conviction that the natives are a lower type of beings. The Puritans in New England, the Saxons in England, the Romans everywhere, failed of a literal interpretation of the Golden Rule. The Belgians in Africa have probably committed many acts that they would not have committed in Europe. However, it is pretty clear that the Dark Continent is being made lighter by the Congo Free State. The book is interesting to the very last degree.

E. P. Powell.

Easter Leaflets.

The Easter leaflets issued by the James H. West Company, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston, are attractive in appearance and appropriate in sentiment. They have the advantage, also, of bearing no denominational imprint, so that their message of cheer can go anywhere. And they are fitted not alone for Easter, but for all times when a word of comfort and hope is needed. First are two by Mr. Chadwick, "The Abiding Love" and "The Other Side." Gladstone's notable "Prayer for the Dead" is here, and "The Two Mysteries" (life and death) by Mary Mapes Dodge. Two or three are by Mr. West himself, for whose verses there is a constantly increasing call: "The Loved and Gone," "The Kiss of Death" (which is accompanied in the same leaflet by "Known of Old" and "Eastward Windows"), and another, also containing three brief pieces, under the general title of "The Feast of Resurrection," being voices of the spring. Mr. Blake's "Many Mansions" is quaint in diction and full of poetic grace. Others are George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" and Edwin Arnold's "After Death" ("He who died at Azen sends this to comfort faithful friends.") All of these are admirably printed, many of them in two colors. They are a group of bright and earnest Easter messages which cannot fail to be welcomed by any who receive one or more of them. The price is five cents each or 50 cents per dozen.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The very power of religion lies in bringing *emotion* to bear on our rules of conduct, and thus making us care for them so much, consider them so deeply and reverentially, that we surmount the great practical difficulty of acting in obedience to them, and follow them heartily and easily.

MON.—Try all the ways to righteousness you can think of, and you will find that no way brings you to it except the way of Jesus, but that way does bring you to it.

TUES.—There *is* an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.

WED.—Culture is: to know the best that has been thought and said in the world.

THURS.—Culture is indispensably necessary, and culture is *reading;* but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system.

FRI.—Give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices (when he has them), but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture.

SAT.—When we are asked, what is the object of religion? let us reply: *Conduct.* And when we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer: *Three-fourths of life.*

—Literature and Dogma, Matthew Arnold.

Little Albert and the Heathen.

When me and mamma was alone, one day,
And she was makin' things to send away,
Far over where the heathens are, you know,
That haven't any clo's to wear, and go
All day without a stitch on, and don't care,
Because it's never chilly over there,
She told me all about the way they do—
I almost wisht I was a heathen, too.

The heathens they don't go to school, and all
They haft to do to get their meals is crawl
Up trees and pick them off and eat and eat
Without first havin' to get washed. They beat
Their tomtoms when they want more exercise,
And needn't care if they ain't rich or wise;
They never haft to learn arithmutick,
Nor take stuff that is nasty when they're sick.

The heathens needn't earn their board and keep,
Or rock their brothers till they go to sleep,
And when the preacher comes they needn't try
To make him think they're good enough to die
Or be afraid that when he's out of sight
They'll get a lickin' for not actin' right;
They never haft to wear things that are new—
I almost wisht I was a heathen, too.

The heathens fish on Sundays and can play
And yell the same as any other day;
My mamma says there ain't nobody there
Has more than others have to eat or wear;
Most heathens don't go 'round there feelin' bad
'Cause other heathens took all that they had;
Some people thinks it's sad, but I don't know
Why we should pity the poor heathen so.

The heathens' fathers don't come home at night
From offices where things ain't goin' right
And be so nervous that their little boys
Don't hardly dare to make the slightest noise;
They needn't be afraid of punishment,
For God fergives them, 'cause they're ignerunt,
And when I think of all I haft to do,
I almost wisht I was a heathen, too.

—S. E. Kiser.

Grace Darling.

It was a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had been driven on a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had been washed away. The other half lay yet on the rock, and those of the crew who were still alive were clinging to it. But the waves were dashing over it, and in a little while it too would be carried to the bottom.

Could any one save the poor, half-drowned men who were there?

On one side of the islands was a light-house; and there, all through that stormy night, Grace Darling had listened to the storm.

Grace was the daughter of the light-house keeper, and she had lived by the sea as long as she could remember.

In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she heard screams and wild cries. When day-light came, she could see the wreck, a mile away, with the angry waters all around it. She could see the men clinging to the masts.

"We must try to save them!" she cried. "Let us go out in the boat at once!"

"It is of no use, Grace," said her father. "We cannot reach them."

He was an old man, and he knew the force of the mighty waves.

"We cannot stay here and see them die," said Grace. "We must at least try to save them."

Her father could not say, "No."

In a few minutes they were ready. They set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. Grace pulled one oar, and her father the other, and they made straight toward the wreck. But it was hard rowing against such a sea, and it seemed as though they would never reach the place.

At last they were close to the rock, and now they were in greater danger than before. The fierce waves broke against the boat, and it would have been dashed in pieces, had it not been for the strength and skill of the brave girl.

But after many trials, Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat. Then one by one the worn-out crew were helped on board. It was all that the girl could do to keep the frail boat from being drifted away, or broken upon the sharp edges of the rock.

Then her father clambered back into his place. Strong hands grasped the oars, and by and by all were safe in the lighthouse. There Grace proved to be no less tender as a nurse than she had been brave as a sailor. She cared most kindly for the shipwrecked men until the storm had died away and they were strong enough to go to their own homes.

All this happened a long time ago, but the name of Grace Darling will never be forgotten. She lies buried now in a little churchyard by the sea, not far from her old home. Every year many people go there to see her grave; and there a monument has been placed in honor of the brave girl. It is not a large monument, but it is one that speaks of the noble deed which made Grace Darling famous. It is a figure carved in stone of a woman lying at rest, with a boat's oar held fast in her right hand.—*From Fifty Famous Stories retold by James Baldwin.*

The Housekeeper.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and, if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

—Charles Lamb.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Rabboni Ut Videamus.

Open our eyes, O Lord,
Who wander in the night.
One blessing to Thy Church accord—
That it receive its sight.

Show us the world we make—
This world of crime and pain;
Show us the want from which we take
Our fill of cruel gain.

Show us the clear effect
Of every thought and deed;
Make it so easy to detect,
That he that runs may read.

Like us, our fathers groped;
Their eyes were holden too;
While they adored and prayed and hoped,
They lived as tyrants do.

They could not see the slave
Oppressed and scourged and bound;
They could not see the look he gave
For help he never found.

Nor did their eyes behold
The horror of their laws,
Which hanged and burned both young and old
For every trivial cause.

And they who were the first
To point them out their sin,
Were mobbed, imprisoned, hated, cursed,
And killed by kith and kin.

O Lord, vouchsafe Thy grace,
That when again Thou send
A messenger before Thy face,
We greet him as a friend.

And may we with him dare
To choose the eternal right;
But grant us first our fervent prayer—
That we receive our sight!

—*Ernest Crosby.*

Foreign Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL AT GENEVA.—Possibly all UNITY readers do not see the *Christian Register;* it may, therefore, not be amiss to reproduce here some of Secretary Wendte's recent announcements concerning the third biennial meeting of the International Council of Unitarians and other liberal religious thinkers and workers, to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, the coming summer.

Arrangements, said Mr. Wendte, continue to be pressed energetically by the local committee and the executive board of the council. The latter consists of Prof. D. H. Oort, Leyden, president; Rev. C. W. Wendte, Boston, general secretary; Prof. Dr. G. Boros, Kolozsvár, Hungary; Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London; Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Oxford; Rev. Dr. S. A. Eliot, Boston; Prof. Dr. B. D. Eerdmans, Leyden; Pastor P. H. Hugenholtz, Amsterdam; Prof. Dr. E. Montet, Geneva; Prof. Dr. O. Pfleiderer, Berlin; Prof. Dr. Jean Réville, Paris; Pastor G. Schoenholzer, Zürich.

The Geneva committee consists of Prof. E. Montet, D. D., dean of the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva, who will preside over the congress; Prof. A. Chantre, D. D., of the Theological Faculty; Pastor C. Congnard, vice-president of the Consistory of Genevan Churches; Dr. P. Ladame; Pastor E. Rochat, member of the Consistory; F. Roux-Eggly, 5 Quai de Mont Blanc, who will act as treasurer and receive contributions for the congress; Prof. H. Balavoine, D. D., of the Theological Faculty; G. H. Boveyron, president of the Municipal Council of Geneva; Th. Bret, chancellor; Louis Campart, professor of the Technological School; Theodore Fueg, president of the National German Parish; T. T. Gardiol, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and other professors of the University, members of the Consistory, pastors and leading citizens.

Besides this strong local committee, the coöperation is assured of such influential Swiss liberals as Pastor A. Altherr, of Basel, the new president of the Swiss Union for Free Christianity; Pastors Bruendli, Ragaz and Schmidt, also of Basel; Pastors Marthaler and Ryser and Prof. Marti, of Berne; Pastor Schoenholzer and Prof. Christ, of Zürich; Prof. Cart, of the Theological Faculty at Neuchatel, and others.

There has been some reconsideration of the date of the congress, it being recognized as eminently desirable to arrange it with reference to that of the International Peace Congress, to be held in September at Lucerne, as many delegates will undoubtedly desire to attend both. In a later issue of the *Register,* Mr. Wendte announces that the date has now been fixed for the last week in August, instead of the first week in September, as originally given out. It will be open on Monday evening, August 28, and continue till Thursday evening, August 31, inclusive. He does not tell us the dates for the Peace Congress.

The first day of the Geneva Congress will be given to the arrival and domiciling of delegates. At 8 p. m. the proceedings will begin with a sermon in French, followed at 9:30 by a reception of the delegates from abroad.

On Tuesday, at 10 o'clock, the opening session will be held. The president's address and the report of the general secretary will be followed by brief reports from foreign delegates concerning the state of religious liberalism in their respective countries. These reports will extend into the afternoon session and close with an excursion on the lake of Geneva and a collation on board the vessel.

Wednesday morning the exercises will open with a German sermon. The day's conferences will be devoted to papers and discussions on theoretical questions in religion. In the evening there will be a private reception tendered the members of the congress, which "cannot fail to be a brilliant affair."

Thursday, the closing day's programme will begin with an English sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage, of New York. The papers and addresses will deal with the practical aspects of religion. In the evening there will be an organ and vocal concert at the cathedral of Saint Pierre, followed by a banquet.

The languages of the congress will be French, English and German. The more important papers and proceedings will be printed in all three languages for distribution among the delegates.

Membership cards, including access to all sessions of the congress, the excursions, concert, banquet, etc., together with a copy of the printed proceedings, to be published soon after the adjournment, may be obtained by any person interested by addressing the treasurer or the general secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, 11 Appleton street, Boston, and the payment of 20 francs ($4). An additional card for ladies accompanying members can be obtained by the payment of ten francs each. Special rates will probably be made at the hotels and pensions. The preliminary circular of the committee will be sent by mail on application to the secretary, as above. Fuller information may be looked for later.

The prospect of a large attendance is said to be good. If I remember rightly, there were something less than half a dozen Americans at the London meeting, but 26 at Amsterdam two years later. There should be a proportional increase at Geneva. The old city on Lake Geneva is a favorite resort with Americans. Those who have been there are always glad to go again, while those who only know its natural beauties and its historical and literary attractions by hearsay could scarcely be introduced to them under more favorable auspices than this congress will afford. I would that UNITY might have a strong and ample representation. M. E. H.

The following questions, which the deceased were required to answer at the Judgment, are from the Funeral Ritual of Egypt and date back about four thousand years: I have not blasphemed; I have not stolen; I have not smiten men privily; I have not committed adultery; I have not plundered; I have not waylaid any; I have not cheated; I have not put forth my arm in anger; I have not afflicted any; I have not corrupted hearts; I have not been exacting; I have not caused fear; I have not made the laborer do more than his task; I have not robbed the dead; I have not reviled my parent; I have not defiled the river; I have not been idle; I have not lied; I have not played the hypocrite; I have not poluted myself; I have not taken my own life; I have not despised God; I have not been intoxicated; I have not indulged in vain boasting; I have not been scornful; I have not been bad tempered; I have not listened to scandal; I have not multiplied words; I have not been miserly; I have not refused to hear words of truth; I have not committed any grevious sin. The deceased also refer to the good done during their life—Given service to Deity, food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty and clothes to the naked. The old-timers were also correct on the drink question—Buddha forbid the use of intoxicants 700 years before Jesus, and Mohammed also forbid intoxicating beverages.

A Song of Spring.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

—*A. E. Housman, from the April McClure's.*

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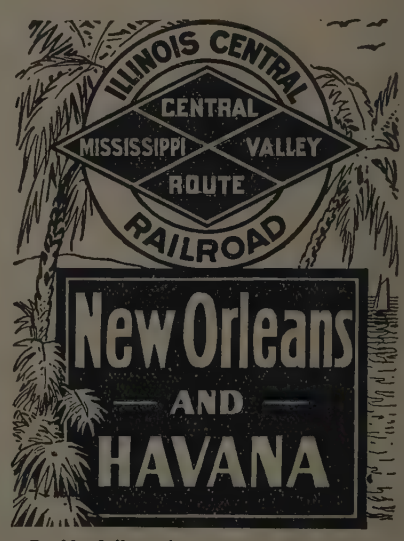

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Character in Religion

Might one be healed from fevering thought,
And only look, each night,
On some plain work well wrought,
Or if a man as right and true might be
As a flower or tree!
I would give up all the mind
In the prim city's hoard can find—
House with its scrap-ard bedight,
Straitened manners of the street,
Smooth-voiced society—
If so the swiftness of the wind
Might pass into my feet;
If so the sweetness of the wheat
Into my soul might pass,
And the clear courage of the grass;
If the lark caroled in my song;
If one tithe of the faithfulness
Of the bird-mother with her brood
Into my selfish heart might press
And make me also instinct-good.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905. NUMBER 5

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day.
Better the lowly deed were done
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

Beside the great multitude of *familiar* religious bodies, there seem to be now in America some followers of every "Revelator" the human race has ever produced. One of the latest sects to which public attention has been invited is called the "Holy Rollers." What next?

We observe the changes that have seamed this old earth's surface have come by time's slow circuitous method. If we suppose there is a supreme creative and sustaining force, it must operate through the endless ether of infinite space. Does the time scale of the world answer to the space scale in magnitude?

The story is old, that Ulysses, in sailing by the Island of the Sirens, filled the ears of his soldiers with wax and had himself tied fast to the mast of his ship. Orpheus could sing a sweeter song than the Sirens, and hence was above the power of temptation. Nearly a thousand years after Homer, Paul said: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

It is only three centuries since the Latin races began to do their own thinking about religion. What opened the way for their advancement here? Was it not the growth of natural science? Science fastens forever the stern realities of fact to Nature's infallible laws. It opens a new comprehension of both the visible and the invisible. It makes possible gigantic strides, not only in Geography, Astronomy and Chemistry, but also in the realms of all the unwritten phenomena of the Spirit. Its probable possibilities in the future, who can measure?

Literally translated, the word universe means "the one, turning." And this, again, is not a bad summary of the Monistic philosophy. The mind does not find rest in the thought of an ultimate dualism. All things are, must be—

"Parts of one stupendous whole;
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Hence, evil is not, cannot be, an entity, a something that has self-existence; but rather is it the negative side of things; an incident in the becoming of the good, which only can be eternal. Homer makes Proteus, the old man of the sea, the symbol of the permanent in the transient, and his daughter, Sidotheka, is naturally the goddess of Appearance, or the outer seeming of things. Hence the young man Telemachus is exhorted to "hold fast to Proteus." If many of the young men of our times could see beneath the surface appearance of things, they would not run so recklessly into the extravagances of wealth, of pride, and sensuous pleasures. The enduring values of the real can be found only in the world of the true and the good; in the moral grandeurs of noble thinking, living and doing.

There is a growing feeling that public honesty in business is declining in these years of increasing commercial greatness. And in the world of vast trusts and speculations there is good ground for believing that there has been a large loss in our economic morality. But we should discriminate between these perversions and abuses and the normal channels and methods of the mighty business world. Take, as one example, the Chicago Board of Trade, one of the largest business organizations in the country, and having large transactions with the grain centers of all lands. This great Board of Trade is organized, not for speculation, but for business; it rests upon the soundest business laws, and these are vigorously adhered to and enforced. If one of its two thousand members is convicted of trickery, falsehood or dishonest dealing, he is expelled and can never again become a member. Its vast transactions are not speculative; every bushel of grain bought or sold must be delivered. And so of the large wholesale and retail forms of business in our country; they all rest upon the foundations of honesty. They could exist permanently upon no other. It is in the greed, the oppression, the speculation and gambling of mighty trusts and corporations that the dishonesty of our time is so apparent, and its influence upon public morality so hurtful.

It is not enough that war presses flesh and blood into the work of slaughter, beggars homes, orphans children, oppresses labor and places its dripping hand on the church and its searing iron upon the state. If reports are true, there is another outrage added to its long list of crimes. The Russian government has destroyed the paintings depicting the horrors of war, masterpieces of the great and lamented Verestchagin. Verestchagin was more than artist, or painter, or philosopher with easel. He was a man with a heart and

life of love. Every pulse beat for humanity. Every fiber cried out against the awfulness of war. And the horror of war depicted on the canvas was his highest appeal to humanity to forever stay its ravages. That his message was eloquent and effective was sufficient in the eyes of warring barbarism to justify its suppression. And so the work of the dead master, not of Russia alone, but of the world,—work that can never be replaced,—falls a sacrifice to the gods of war. Art, literature, inspiration must be ground under the iron heel. And, in return, what picture is Russia painting for the world,—an autocracy grounded in tyranny, an empire covered with intrigues, seamed with rebellions, and deluged with the blood of prince and peasant. To those who enjoyed the works of Verestchagin in the Art Institute two years ago and especially to those who listened to his earnest words, pleading for the higher humanities of nations, this latest insult of Russia will come as a double grief and sorrow.

Influence.

If nothing is really lost or wasted in the vast universe, if there is an infinite economy which conserves the falling leaf and fluttering snowflake, every atom has a value and exerts some influence. Name it as you please. The stones of the field are changed by the atmosphere while they affect the soil on which they rest. Is there a cause for all phenomena? Just so surely do all effects become causes, reproducing thus the eternal creative energy. Such is the subtile alchemy of life. If there is anything unrelated, what is it, pray, and where? Does it seem strange that men have supposed the celestial spheres might affect the temperament of man, when we see that the food we eat and the heat that cooks it are produced by *one* of them—the sun? What is this abiding inspirational power, forever breathing itself forth, encircling the worlds, as ocean surrounds the continents? I do not pretend to know. One says it should be spelled "Nature," another, "Life," and a third insists it must be spelled "God." I would not quarrel with any man's orthography now, nor care to spell him down. I scorn none, deny none. We are all mosaic, anyhow. You cannot go along our busy city streets without leaving your mark upon the passers there, or receiving some impression from them all. Every day the soul is adding to its widening domain. The effect of environment upon character is doubtless great. Climate, hills, valleys, houses, etc., cannot be ignored. But greater far, perhaps, is the influence of the man you meet, the woman who smiles upon you, or the little child that climbs upon your knee and looks long into your eyes. We cannot fully measure the power of a great personality. But we know it helps us all to do well things that otherwise had never been attempted and to feel sure that the Infinite is breathing in human breath and thinking in human thought.

F. V. H.

The Congress of Religion and Lincoln Centre.

In thought, purpose, work and in spirit the Congress of Religion and Lincoln Centre are essentially one. They differ in this: one is local—the home of a church; the other is general—its field is the whole country, the world. But they are one again in the fact that they both aim to work along the lines of the universal. And, furthermore, UNITY, the church paper, is the official organ of the Congress, and its senior editor is the General Secretary of the Congress; and in this way the central headquarters of the Congress are, naturally, at the Lincoln Centre.

But all this does not mean that the Congress in any sense belongs to this local society or that it is controlled by it, any more than by any other of the many churches that send delegates to its meetings and contribute to its support. The Congress of Religion belongs to humanity, and is gladly working with all churches and all souls for the good of a world.

It is more than the ordinary courtesy of an invitation, more than a coincidence, that All Souls Church has invited the Congress of Religion to hold its annual session in connection with the dedication of Lincoln Centre. It is a recognition of the fitness of things, and the result of wise foresight and plan; hence the occasion should be accentuated as one of large and far-reaching significance.

Two years ago last winter, the writer, with Mrs. Thomas, gave four months to the work of the Congress on the Pacific Coast; and when the way was prepared, we were joined at Los Angeles by Brother Jones, the General Secretary; at Leland Stanford University, by President Jordan and Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, and at Tacoma by Rev. Dr. Martin; and everywhere in California, Oregon and Washington we had the able and earnest co-operation of the Reformed Jewish rabbis. As a result, six congresses were held. The annual meeting was at Los Angeles; the other sessions were held at the Leland Stanford University, at San Jose, and at Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, and all met with most gratifying success.

Returning home, plans were about perfected for Dr. Heber Newton to join us in the early fall in holding preaching services and occasional Congresses in the Northwest till in December, and then carry on a similar form of work in the South during the winter. But accident and consequent illness intervened, and all had to be abandoned for the time. With renewed health and strength we hope to enter this field in the fall; and thus it will be seen that while the work of the Congress has been hindered, much was done in the far West, and large plans are preparing for the near future. And it is earnestly hoped that the coming meeting at Lincoln Centre will call together all the old friends and workers and bring in many new ones, and that the Congress of Religion will go forth with a new enthusiasm in its message and mission.

This Congress should be noted for the clearness and depth of its vision of the condition and needs

of these strange and wonderful years, and the wisdom and fearless courage of its words. The whole social order is in the turmoil, the peril, the possibilities and hopes of a mighty transition. Great truths and principles are waiting for clearer and higher expression. Over against the doubting, the agnostic, the negative attitude of the sense side of existence, should be heard the profound affirmations of the spirit side of being; of the moral order of the universe; the voice of the Soul and God.

The Congress of Religion stands for the eternal realities of the universal in religion and seeks a closer, sympathetic and practical co-operation in the things common to all. Recognizing the personal rights of reason and conscience, it would not disturb the autonomy of any of the chuches or debate their differentiating lines of belief. But it does recognize the growth of ideas and the unwisdom of trying to bind the past upon the present; and in a larger trust would leave the great questions of truth to the rational and moral consciousness of the future.

Not a few of the ablest thinkers of our time will take part in this Congress and the public has a right to expect light and inspiration upon the great problems of our wonderful age. H. W. THOMAS.

Club Song.

A house stands on a busy street,
Its doors are opened wide,
To all who come it bids good cheer,
To some it says, Abide.
Gathered within its friendly walls
A club of women find
The joys of glad companionship,
Contentment for the mind.

For they have learned what all must learn,
That in life's hardest storm,
The shelter we together build
Is all that keeps us warm;
That fellowship is heaven-sent,
That it alone can free
The human heart from bitterness,
And give it liberty.

Some hours they spend in quiet mood,
On poet's wings upborne,
They lose themselves in other's joys
Or weep with those who mourn.
Some hours by traveled mem'ry led
To foreign lands they roam;
Some hours they bide beside the hearth
And talk of things of home.

Some hours they sit 'neath music's spell,
And when the air is rife
With all the magic of sweet sound,
It heals the pang of life,
Some hours they dream with civic pride
Of cities that shall be,
Within whose streets each citizen
Shall live life worthily.

Some hours they sew with tender thought,
To keep one mem'ry green;
They talk of those whose lives are hard,
Who suffer wrongs unseen.
They ever open wide their hearts
To all who are oppressed,
And in life's strange perplexities
They strive for what is best.

—Written by Miss Jane Addams for the dedication of the Hull House Woman's Club Building.

THE PULPIT.

A Political Survey.

DELIVERED BY WILLIAM A. KENT IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, MARCH 26, 1905.

I commend to your attention the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, as a text:

"We, the people of the United States,
in order to form a more perfect union,
Establish Justice,
Insure Domestic Tranquility,
Provide for the Common Defense,
Promote the General Welfare, and
Secure the Blessings of Liberty to Ourselves and Our Posterity,
Do Ordain and Establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

This came hot out of radical hearts that knew neither aristocracy nor plutocracy. It was penned by men who, in years gone by, dedicated to the cause of liberty "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

I.

We shortlived human beings are impatient with the slow progress of the Eternal, and if there be a fair-minded personal God, he cannot but sympathize with our passionate desire to see results in our brief life-times. Even if we accept the broad, pantheistic view and hold ourselves but a part of the whole, we still hunger for results; it is in our natures or we should not progress nor have courage to do our share toward working for righteousnesss. This hunger for results is probably more gratified to those of us living at the present time than to those in any age the world has seen.

If we put our little pegs in the glacier of progress and corresponding pegs in the cliff at the edge, we can see the movement of the great mass toward sunnier climes and greater usefulness.

Nine years ago I talked of politics from this pulpit, and the days were evil days. Evil days on account of the hardship of our people; evil days on account of the almost hopeless corruption of our politics; evil days on account of the nostrum urged as a cure.

It is strange in looking back to those days, to realize that it was before them and in times of well nigh undisputed plutocracy, that the iron master put forth, I cannot say wrote, his book on "Triumphant Democracy."

The struggle, the suffering of those days were not in vain. The battle is endless against human selfishness and ignorance. In one sense the accomplishment may not seem great, but in view of the vast mass to be raised, all reasonable expectations have been surpassed. Our enemies are unmasked, our road lies clearer before us.

II.

Looking at the world overseas, we see in the broad average, what is visible here, the increasing respect for human rights. Outside of this there is the tendency toward peace. It may seem strange to talk of peace, at this time of stupendous warfare, when men by the hundred thousands turn their innocent dead faces to the heedless stars, and when official murderers glibly talk of sending other hundreds of thousands to death, at the irresponsible whim of a weak-minded, incompetent despot.

It may even seem strange to talk of peace after England, whose blood is in our veins, was driven by greedy speculators, and a conscienceless Secretary, into well nigh exterminating a people of their own

race and with virtues (judged even by English standards), averaging higher than their own.

And those of us who resented as impudent and contravening all our past, the assumption of our country's right to subjugate an alien people, we who resent the vast plans for a navy to terrorize the world; we hardly feel that our country has given outward proofs of the spirit of peace.

Peace ought to come spontaneously out of the common sense and the mercy of men, but just as Lincoln said of emancipation, it may come out of the scourge of war. For the recent wars have been so terrible in cost of life and waste of capital that even the sordid fear them; and the horror of them, as portrayed in photograph and description, is bringing home the realizing sense of this, the sum of human iniquity, the apotheosis of human folly.

Turning for comfort to what might be called the practical side of the question, it would seem that the Russian autocracy with its lying diplomacy and with its heedlessness of the lives and welfare of its people, were soon to pass away. It would appear that the other great and irresponsible despotism, Turkey, is on the verge of disruption. As nearly as one can read the complicated relations of Europe: Russia is armed for conquest. Germany is armed in fear of Russia and in fear of the Franco-Russian alliance. France is afraid of Germany. Austria is afraid of Russia and Germany. Norway, Sweden and Denmark are afraid of Russia. England is afraid of Russia. Italy is just plain afraid, and the Balkan States and Greece are afraid of Turkey.

In all this mass of expensive cowardice, Russia is the exciting cause and the original carrier of concealed weapons; not Russia. but the Russian despotism, and with the elimination of that despotism Europe can disarm, if it has sufficient sense, and organize an International Police. Should Japan belie our reasonable expectations and menace European peace, the water squad of the Police force could soon dispel the danger.

But in the meantime the gospel of Tolstoy will work to disarm the individual, and the Hague Tribunal to disarm the nations.

III.

As we look at our nation we have abundant ground for optimism. Our Chief Magistrate is brave, honest, able and sound to the core. His gospel of a "square deal" is no lip service. The action taken in the coal strike was prophetic of his shibboleth, and the insistence on openness and fairness of dealing by the great corporations, furnishes light and leading to Congress and even illuminates the cesspool at the other end of the Capitol.

The situation is being clarified. We know that the time is not far distant when the great corporations must perform their lawful functions of producing, free from gambling and extortion.

The railways, inherent needs and inherent monopolies, must charge rates consonant with investment and not with capitalization, and must recognize that they have no more right to discriminate than has the post office. If they fail to see this, the moral is obvious. They will be taken by the government.

Recent years have brought about a better understanding of the negro question North and South, although the election returns scarcely indicate it. If the South can realize the growing sympathy of the North, and if the North can more keenly realize the awful error of the Fifteenth Amendment, then both sections can work together to educate their problem and thereby at least reduce it to simpler terms.

For thoughtful people must admit that it has been conclusively demonstrated, that the negro emerged from slavery unfit for the franchise, and that in the broad average he is still unfit. I challenge any northern city to show any group, numerically considerable, of negro electors that can be trusted to vote righteously.

The replies to this statement are two: first, that white men do the corrupting, and, second, that there is a corrupt white vote. These replies I freely admit for what they are worth. Corruption and ignorance should everywhere be disfranchised, and the law should deal more severely with the white vote buyer and seller than with the black. But these replies are not answers, because the average of the white electorate is not corrupt in the face of the same temptations. This unfitness to vote is but arrested development, in the average negro character, of exactly the same sort as is seen in the petty pilfering of negroes who are loyal and trustworthy in large matters. The white man who sells his vote is usually bad all through; the white man who would steal a suit of underwear would climb a porch.

It is well that the door of opportunity should not be closed to the black man, but to permit him, in his unfit condition, to carry the elections against white men on the average far his superiors, is to close the door of opportunity to the white man.

Merely mentioning the pride we can feel in the service of Waring, and Wood, and Taft, and many an humbler man in lands divided from us, the man who has mightly served the cause of international righteousness is John Hay. He has blazed a clear trail thro' the morasses of diplomacy. He has said what he meant and has meant what he said, and we have not been ashamed of his words or his intent. He has frankly and openly worked for peace and justice and has given an unaccustomed bath of truthfulness to the statesmanship of Europe. His way is there called "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," but it is better to have a clean shirt and show it than to hide dirty ruffles under a bespangled coat.

Amid all the imperfections and evils of our federal government, there is but one real menace to our future, and that, you all know, is the United States Senate.

The only means of cleansing that particular stable seems to be by pledging legislators to vote for the popular choice as indicated by a direct primary. That provision of our own proposed law is now being fought by both our Illinois Senators who have reason to doubt their popularity with the electorate.

We can look with joyous apprehension at what will happen when the able and incorrigible Governor of Wisconsin is admitted to the Senate. We want to know the inner life of that august body and the reasons of things, and we are prepared and fortified for the worst.

IV.

The signal victories of right ideals in the governorship contests were a great and an encouraging feature of the last campaign. It is needless to mention Folk and his anti-boodle crusade; La Follette and his fight against entrenched corporate wealth; Douglass and his successful plea for a sane tariff; Deneen and his battle with the Lorimer machine; but when we reach Johnson of Minnesota, the facts have not been made clear. He was not elected because he had been a good boy and kind to his mother, altho' those attributes were worthy of remark. He was elected because he was a strong, clean man, and because his opponent was a discredited office-holder and politician, put forward and fraudulently nominated by Jim Hill and the

railroads. This victory was the greatest of all, inasmuch as it was less personal and more the result of a popular uprising.

V.

It is almost impossible to realize the change in our State situation since the days of Tanner and the Humphrey bills.

It is obvious to the most casual observer that the legislature is not what it ought to be and that, instead of seriously considering the welfare of the State, it is prone to indulge in cheap and nasty partisan politics and to look for the petty graft of jobs. But when we look back to Tanner days, when one-half its time was spent in blackmail, and one-half in boodling, we must certainly be cheered by the thought that the worst has happened and is not yet to come. For with an honest and manly Governor, and an aroused public sentiment there is little chance of bad legislation, altho' there be pinhead legislators who scoff at Primary Reform and the Merit System.

It will take another election or two to transform this cheerful hippodrome and to beget to its frolicsome mind the thought that a public demand for right things, by the people of the State, is not to be taken as an idle jest. The decisive fight over the Mueller Bill was a final blow at the dominance of the shamelessly vicious and from now on, with the wise help of the Legislative League, we may hope for continual improvement and a continuous record of deeds and misdeeds.

Good measures of a non-political nature, can now be passed. We must wait to see the results of the merit and primary and new character bills before indulging in praise that may be premature.

VI.

It can be said without dispute, that the continuing wave of municipal betterment started in Chicago, probably once the worst governed of American cities. The foundation was laid in the Civil Service Law and the Council was cleaned out by the Municipal Voters' League, in their leadership of the finest electorate to be found anywhere.

An example was given of what it was possible to do, and no longer could the dishonest or the cowardly say that the task was impossible. Then came the splendid work of Lincoln Steffens, giving blame and encouragement. Now, scattered throughout the country, are municipal leagues, and often as they meet defeat they are heartened by Chicago, by Minneapolis, and by other cities that are working out their salvation. And now all know that there is no defeat in a good cause.

Even Philadelphia, sold out and sodden, is having a revival. True, this revival is turned against the minor ills of police graft and vice, and is seemingly oblivious of the sacrifice of democracy on the altars of greed. True it is that Philadelphia has forgotten the days of Faneuil Hall and the Liberty Bell, and the sacred right of revolution, and prefers prayers to pick handles and ropes. But we cannot expect much of Philadelphia and maybe prayer is its best hold since its own citizenship lacks the virility to save itself.

VII.

But of this Chicago which we love and for which we fight, what can we say of Chicago? What have the nine years done for Chicago? Much good and little ill.

For clean citizenship is of more consequence than dirty streets and knowledge of our problems and willingness to face them is everything, while self-gratulatory, smug indifference to principle, altho' coupled with better physical surroundings, is nothing but death and damnation.

Our streets are dirty. Why? Because of insane real estate speculation which has created miles of them that are unnecessary and impossible to maintain. This is the penalty of folly.

Our street car service is vile because it is in greedy hands and we will not surrender right or principle. This is the penalty of righteousness in days of transition from boodle to citizenship, and we pay it gladly that others may be better for our fight.

Our air is smoky partly because of ignorance, partly because of greed, but the gas trust and the coal barons must take part of the blame. A fair chance and equality of treatment by the department can remedy much.

Our Council, as a body, is honest, altho' certain members are grafters, and these ,together with their purchasers, are doing all possible to besmirch honest men. This is an old device. And nine years ago a few men were seeking enough recruits to sustain a mayor's veto. In those nine years, by a steady, unremitting tug, the Council has gained power to do constructive work for the city. Good people have been glad to serve on joint committees, looking to the general welfare. The Mayor has been consistently with the people in fighting the grafters and goes out of office with the gratitude of every honest and fair man.

The Merit System, installed and honestly maintained, has proved what its friends predicted for it. A great sewer has been better and more cheaply built by day labor under direct city employ than has ever been done by contract plus extras.

City accounting has been cleaned up, and we know where we stand financially, altho' the knowledge is not entirely pleasant.

Our municipal water department has steadily improved and, basing its charges on cost of service and not on capitalization, has given to us this necessity at prices that are steadily being reduced.

Step by step gambling and all night saloons have been stamped out.

The city lighting plant has been run at a enormous saving over contract offers by a private corporation.

A municipal lodging house has been established.

Our best doctors have marvelously improved the facilities for treating the helpless wards of the County and City.

Small parks and play grounds are being laid out and big parks are approaching realization.

The schools are used as neighborhood centers less than they ought to be, but still to a certain extent.

The Merit System has been inaugurated in the County service.

Everything is vastly better and is still improving in spite of the perennial wail of some of our speculative and predatory citizens that capital is being driven away. It is like the plaint that might be urged that there were less birds in the chicken yard because the farmer shot the hawk.

In this crucible of divergent races and beliefs, and interests, where none is supreme, but all must compromise, is being made the American citizenship of tomorrow, which will be based on honesty, self-respect, and respect for the rights of others. That in this turmoil and clash and struggle has come this uplift in citizenship is justification for the optimist and a deep draught of courage for the reformer.

The present campaign, in spite of some imminent dangers, is in many ways the most encouraging one that Chicago has witnessed.

Seven years ago, at a memorable meeting at Central Music Hall, Governor Altgeld, Jenkin Lloyd Jones and John Harlan declared for municipal ownership, the last named speaker going so far as to say that: "If the people want, it, now is the appointed time." I am free to admit that, knowing the corruption and inefficiency of the City government, I at that time preferred farming out this municipal function to having the city take it in charge. The resolution carefully drawn to cover the existing emergency, made no allusion to future policy. But there was handed up an amendment, stating that if it were not then time for municipal ownership, it would be when the franchises began to expire; this amendment, offered by Mr. Nourse, and read by Mr. Harlan, was seconded and carried with tumultuous unanimity. It was prophetic, and the appointed time is on us.

The Mueller law, an enabling act, was passed by a decent majority in the legislature, over a cowardly speaker and a Lorimerized minority. The people overrode the corporation politicians. The accepted time is here.

But thro' all the years of struggle the Gas Trust has steadily sneaked along in what might be called a gumshoe campaign, and has fortified itself in a protected monopoly from which only the City, with its corporate powers, can dislodge it.

I shall not bore you with details of methods or of political mine and countermine, but shall take up for a few moments, the meaning of municipal ownership and operation.

First of all, it means the highest form of mutual co-operation to furnish necessities in the best manner at a minimum of cost. I am not afraid of names, but if this end is socialism, the public schools, public parks, and the post office are more socialistic, because they purvey things less necessary than water, light and transportation.

I mention water, because those who fight the things Chicago wants are forced to argue against the things Chicago has.

If this is socialism, this mutual co-operation, then mutual insurance companies, and an arrangement for farmers to carry each other's mail are socialistic and, to reduce matters to their lowest term, every action intended to help or lighten the burden of another is socialistic and only those things are free from this taint that are along the line of the old commercial theory that holds that the only profitable trade is where one man helps himself by injuring another.

Now, the object of the private corporation, dealing in public utilities, is either to pay the largest possible dividends or to sell watered stock, and in either case is hostile to the public interest, which furnishes the market and wants the best obtainable at cost price, plus a reasonable return on actual investment to be used as sinking fund. The interests are diametrically opposed and it is absurd to try to reconcile them.

The street car service and the railway service are but extensions of the city street and the public road, both of which institutions date back of the name "Socialism," and both of which have been recognized as necessities. Was Governor Deneen deemed a radical when he advocated paved roads in Illinois?

The question of artificial light is merely one of adapting and utilizing the stored rays of the sun. Obviously this ought to be done by all of us, for all of us, at the minimum of cost. Is the sun socialistic?

Aside from the "bogy-man" charges of Socialism, we find other arguments against municipal ownership, chief among which is the claim that it would put the business of transporting and lighting into politics. And yet, since the advent of the Merit System, no one has heard of the water office or the city electric plant being in politics. On the other hand, there has been little or nothing in politics for ten years back excepting these traction companies. The best efforts of all who have the city's welfare at heart, have been expended in mere defense against those who have steadily sought to debauch and ruin the city. Sometimes openly, under Yerkes, sometimes subtly under men of greater caution, there has always been hung up before our servants the prospect of silver for the betrayal of their master, the citizens of Chicago. The dirty hand-marks of the briber have at one time or another besmirched every post of public trust from juryman to governor. Some of the best men Chicago could muster to the defense have died in the task of holding back the corruption of our elected officials, and the backs of many more have nearly broken in contending against the villainous alliance of the traction and light companies with their sort of politics. And now when Chicago has for years had little time to do anything but fight these pirates and drive them out of politics, they lead in the sad song that municipal ownership, even under civil service, would put the question into politics.

Another said plaint is that of the inadequacy of the city to manage such of its inherent functions. The city, under the worst possible auspices, never ran the water office as badly as the cars are now being run. It could not run them worse and it would run them better. Let the sad ones discontinue their grief; let them go to the Council if they can go there with clean hands, and pure hearts, and work for the city, instead of cursing it. They will be surprised that things are as good as they are and there will be plenty of chance for them to use every ounce of their power toward helping their fellowmen.

It is universally recorded in history that, in the long run, responsibility has begotten ability. Has not England advanced in civic decency under the strain put upon her? Were President McKinley's appointments better or worse when great weight was put upon him? And so with Chicago; sooner or later, depending on the initial impulse, municipal ownership and the broadening tasks of citizenship will dignify Chicago and she will perform the tasks.

In the present contest in which my preference is well known, I feel I am justified in stating the reasons for that preference.

Both candidates stand for municipal ownership, both men are honest and estimable. Each promises to accelerate that date as much as lies in his power. Neither will tolerate a fresh grip being taken by the traction companies who have proved our worst enemies.

But whoever is elected, there will be war. I believe Harlan and those about him will be better qualified to carry on that war than Judge Dunne and his followers. I believe they will better administer the city than Judge Dunne and those surrounding him.

Were the qualifications of the candidates absolutely equal, the people of Chicago should remember with gratitude the man who was their champion in the bad old days, and should resent the imputations cast on his honesty. Whichever way goes the election, it is the non-partisan who not only holds the balance of power, but who will cast the majority vote.

Whatever was involved in the recent goldbrick purchase of Morgan, Field, et al., it never involved either candidate. There ought to be an Illinois Gold Brick Trust formed for "innocent investors," who seem to perennially spring up.

However you may vote for the city ticket, and below the head of that ticket I make no recommenda-

tions, except to commend the splendid service of City Attorney Smulski, for heaven's sake, look out for your aldermen. Get it fixed in your minds that the old tests of honesty and efficiency are the only tests. Every honest public servant will bow to the public will, and every thief will swear to any platform that will get him nearer the crib. Bear in mind that John Powers is a municipal ownership candidate and that Coughlin is another and that in proof of fealty to principle, the latter voted against the only chance for municipal ownership offered, and tried to obstruct the summary and righteous move of Mayor Harrison. Don't take a "one-issue" man if he is ignorant and untrustworthy. The Municipal Voters' League has guided us right for nine years; it is an honest guide to-day.

This momentous election of Chicago is but a local phase of the Battle for Opportunity, designated by the President as a "Square Deal."

Our people throughout the land know they are being wronged, that the good things of life and the hardships of life are not being evenly distributed. They are patient and sane and willing to recognize the divergencies of talent and the unavoidable chances and mischances of human life. But they further know that beyond these things, they are being wronged by their fellowmen and this they can and will remedy.

With Lincoln Steffens they have traced the corruption of public life to the greedy compact between politics and big business, and have followed the trail to the biggest legislative body of the nation.

With Miss Tarbell they have traced the criminal career of the Standard Oil Company and the cannibal life of John D. Rockefeller.

They have seen the sordid looting of the public through Morgan and the ship building trust.

They have learned by confession and by other evidence, of the rottenness of railroad corporations that with no more excuse than is offered the post office, discriminate between man and man in their public service, and grant especial favors to officers and directors, against the rights and welfare of stockholders.

The lurid confessions of Thomas Lawson but confirm by detailed statement what has long been known, that the great banks, trust companies and insurance companies of New York, are using the power of the people's money to wrong and to rob the people.

In view of all the evidence obtained through confession and investigation of the methods of operating "high finance," with its myriad stock and bond issues, its over-capitalization and consolidations, how absurd seems the labored plea of Judge Grosscup for the "peoplization" of industry under existing management. Such "peoplization" of industry would simply afford another opportunity for capital to cash its ill-gotten checks out of the public's purse. While speaking of Judge Grosscup, what do the people think of the continuing usurpation of their private or municipal functions by the United States government through a federal court? What can capital say of "traction management in politics," in view of this state of affairs, which is national politics in city business?

I have spoken of New York, because New York is to-day the center of the things most despicable in the Republic. It is the home of extravagance; the birthplace of the monkey dinner; the town where the very, very rich, who own boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House, are advertised on the program as conspicuously as the announcement of the opera itself. But the evils of vulgar, ostentatious, parasitic and predatory wealth are not by any means confined to New York. A few Chicago people try to follow the lead, but somehow or other the Chicago populace cares more for the horse races on Derby Day, than for the private equipages; and somehow or other the Fat Stock Show excites as much interest as the swelldom on exhibition at the Horse Show. We have not yet surrendered our democracy in Chicago, nor are we going to surrender it. And what is more, the West is going to make effective this battle for opportunity. The West will continue to send its vulgarly ostentatious people to the Waldorf-Astoria and, purged of their evil influence, will have strength to keep pure the stream of strong, simple American life.

Moreover, if our emigres but read the splendid publications that emanate from New York, such as Life, McClure's and Collier's, they may learn of taste and decency and character and be able to convert the encrusted snobbery of the metropolis.

Long have we trusted to the theory of Laissez Faire and individual competition. There was a time when this justified itself, in the days of small fortunes, in the days of early development, in the days portrayed in the lives of our great men of the past who split rails, taught school, ran country stores and rose to eminence through their efforts. But those days are unfortunately gone, and now our only cure rests in government control and regulation.

The great trusts are engaged continually in knocking down and dragging out those who cross their paths. Sometimes by cutting off a competitor's market; sometimes by purchasing adverse legislation; oftener by corrupt and collusive arrangement with railroads; by persecution in the law courts and threats of litigation, and, when need be,—attempted sometimes with success,—by perverting the courts, the fountain head of justice. A horde of lawyers has grown up to help these processes.

In the fight for opportunity, as capital has combined, so must the opposition be combined and we find the first opponents arising in the form of united and federated labor. This labor movement has shown amidst its fallacies and abuses, an unselfish and altruistic spirit higher than anything known in the ranks of capital, a spirit prophetic and guiding. And this, too, is termed socialism when it is a mere struggle for existence, and for opportunity.

We must not be deluded into the belief that men are morally different on account of occupation or wealth. We can match Yerkes with Sam Parks. We can match Philadelphia, misgoverned by the plutocracy, with San Francisco, being looted by a union labor government so bad that Union Labor is about to turn against its progeny. But in Philadelphia are only prayers.

There is, however, a saving salt of humanity in the man who knows hunger and want at first hand, a saving salt often foreign to the equally good or equally bad among the wealthy.

Besides the remedy of voluntary association, as in the Labor Union, we find another remedy by sometimes wierd, but always resourceful Kansas, in its struggle with the Standard Oil Company. There they are literally following the thought laid down in the preamble of the constitution and, having learned of the terrible power and unscrupulous greed of that institution, and knowing the fate of private competition, they, in order "to promote the general welfare," set up against an unbeaten antagonist, the unbeatable rivalry of the state with all its power of taxation and regulation.

This, too, has been socialism, but whether it is or not, it is a shrewd move in the battle for opportunity.

These are but sample pages of what is going on in

our country, and the end of the struggle cannot be in doubt.

In unhappy Russia the people are also arising against privilege and are becoming conscious of the absurdity as well as the viciousness of the autocracy. That the will of one individual should represent the law of the land, is simply a declaration of the right of the strongest to rule. There is no symptom nor logical claim of law about it. If the Czar is at liberty to take human life at his pleasure, there rests in every man in Russia an equal right to destroy human life. This is the logical outcome of the doctrine of force, and we are but shortsighted if for a moment we consider assassination, under such auspices, as worse or different from the condemnation of men to death by what is in Russia called legal process or by sending them to the front to fight when they wish to remain at home. There, too, struggle for opportunity is being fought out with little doubt as to where victory will rest.

Returning to our own country and considering the question of the warfare being waged against great corporations, we are met by the astounding weakness of the law and its execution. The railroads are resisting bitterly the extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. All sorts of corporations are opposed to the idea of publicity as if that, in itself, were an evil. Light and air are fatal only to things nourished in darkness. It was amusing to read in an interview granted by the President of one of Chicago's banks, a bitter complaint against the Government's insistence on obtaining publicity in corporate affairs. It showed the ridiculous inconsistency of capital. If there is one thing more than another that a reputable bank desires, and his is an excellent one, it is the utmost possible publicity in its transactions, that everyone may know that it is solvent and conducting its business along right lines, and therefore not liable to be subject to a "run" by panic stricken depositors. And yet, with all this publicity, the banks have little to complain of in the matter of earnings, and there is no hostility displayed toward them by the people.

The President is right. It is a square deal the people want. They want to be sure they are getting a square deal. They are willing to pay for a square deal. And they do not ask service gratis. Our Chicago banks, with their vast good will, show that corporations can be honest, open, and profitable.

This question of disciplining corporations seems to me ridiculously simple. They are chartered by the federal government or by the states, and are given peculiar rights and powers by their progenitors. That they cannot be regulated in the interests of public welfare by their creators, seems the height of folly to assert. If they were not created to "promote the general welfare," what were they created for? One would suppose from the lucubrations of Mr. Eckels against light and air, that they were created for the purpose of exploiting the people. If they cannot be controlled in any other way, they should be destroyed. There are definite punishments for men who commit crimes. We are sick and tired of hearing directors and officers of corporations contend that they work for their stockholders and therefore ought not to be held personally liable for their misdeeds. This is an absurd plea that undermines all morals. But suppose, for argument's sake we grant it. Then let us turn and punish the corporation; and there is only one punishment for a corporation and that is capital punishment and extirpation. Supposing we admit that the men, who, in the interests of stockholders, are guiltless of the crimes they commit; the crimes have been committed; the responsibility rests somewhere, and, if not on men, therefore on the corporation. The corporation should forfeit its charter, if any agent is guilty of discrimination, unfair dealing or bribery in its interests.

But if we argue thus about corporations, how can we essentially modify our argument when we consider the misuse of wealth in private hands, except as regards the penalty.

The right to inherit wealth it is easily seen, rests entirely with the law. The dead hand is powerless and the dead voice is dumb, except as the law constituted by society for the general good of society, gives power to the wishes of the dead. This is recognized fully in all civilized countries, in the right to tax inheritances for the support of that law, without which there could be no such thing as inheritance. It is not a long step to realize that the accumulation of capital in quantities, large or small, is also protected and made possible only by the law, and that this law is established for the benefit of society, for all men, and not for the benefit of a group of men. If it were not for such law and its general recognition, the world would simply be a scene of universal robbery by power, exactly as is now going on in some of the corporate dealings which we have touched upon.

This is very simple and fundamental, but do you see where it leads us? It shows, without doubt or possibility of denial, that if wealth, whether corporate or individual, is used for oppression and the damage of society, then, under force of the same law which gives sanction to its accumulation, it can be and should be taken from unworthy hands.

An interesting case of oppressive monopoly has been recently exposed in the case of the senate-fortified express companies. Without the consent of the Senate, the President has recently entered into reciprocal parcels-post arrangements with England, so that now parcels from the interior of the United States can be sent to the interior of England at less price than they can be shipped by express from Chicago to Muskegon, and still the Senate blocks the way to a strictly American parcels-post. How long will the public stand this sort of thing in the face of such definite demonstrations?

We cannot pass the question of the battle line and the disintegrating forces with which we are dealing, without full recognition of the awful iniquities practiced under the banner of Union Labor. Men have been dragged from wagons and had both arms broken under the auspices of a teamsters' strike in San Francisco, with no reproof or even disapproval from the Union. Women have been stripped and beaten and insulted and men have been killed in Chicago, apparently with consent or approval of striking organizations.

Labor Unions must be sure they are definitely and clearly right, and upon Capital is placed the same burden, and when the contests come, if labor is right, it must not lose its case by pitting brutality against wrong.

I have touched upon a few of the many subjects at issue between the American people and their own evil tendencies, with which they are waging victorious war. If this fight is socialistic, it is socialistic only as a united effort against unscrupulous, predatory individualism. The American people are essentially individualistic. They are not struggling for a low mean that will represent the least service and the lowest qualifications. They are struggling for a chance, and if that chance must be gained through co-operation, however socialistic that co-operation may be, the socialism in it is merely a means to an end and will be intensified or mollified in accordance with the modifi-

cation of the unfair conditions now exerted by individualism unrestrained by law or a sense of justice or decency.

We have considered the evils against which we are fighting. We should now look at some of the means that are used to promote the cause of evil. We find everywhere and everlastingly the same old thing, which is colloquially termed: "boodle," the purchase of legislation, the anarchy of the rich,—for poor men do not buy legislation because they cannot. We find everywhere the spirit of partisanship which, dividing the good, rewards the evil, and politicians who talk loudest of party loyalty laugh loudest over the spoil. This stupid partisanship is probably less known in Chicago than anywhere in the country, owing to years of education against it.

We find everywhere the cowardice of people who, knowing things, are afraid to speak out and who, having ideals, only whisper them when they should shout them from the house tops.

And then again, we find forever and everywhere, false ideals of what constitutes success and an ignorance which seldom questions why we are in the world. It seems as though religion were almost dead and the gospel of Jane Addams, and of Tolstoy, and Wagner, and other prophets of our day, seems something new to those who claim allegiance to the Nazarene. There is probably no quotation more commonly used than the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And yet how many people really grasp it with a realizing sense?

We are by no means done with the false view that the gathering of money constitutes success and that crimes may be condoned by the bestowal of that money for charity or education when it is no longer to be counted by our decrepit or dead fingers.

How silly and how small are the things that many strive for. When men are for life insured of food enough, and enough to wear, and the opportunities that may broaden life, many of them still struggle without cessation, not for the service of the world, but for bank accounts whih can be of no possible use to them.

Ephemeral creatures of a day, it seems as though they never tried to search out the meaning of life, but sell their lives and souls for nothing and leave the world worse than they found it. To me these seem the most ignorant of all men in the world. I have met many politicians and many of them are workers of iniquity. I have also met politicians with really clean and high ideals; all had a sense of democracy and a sense of kindliness. The doctor, be he great and honorable, or be he small or quack; the lawyer, practicing in the justice court or supreme court, whatever his moral bias may be; the laborer, the farmer, the miner, the cowboy; all these men have met the world and known the world and its trouble and struggle and have a sense of democracy, but somehow the accumulation of wealth, even by men who have grown up from the bottom, seems often to blind them to the real life of the world. With failure they are apt to grow bitter; with success they are apt to grow hard; in any event, they grow blind to what is about them.

Many of them, to the lack of moral sense or a sense of proportion, add another crime. They lack a sense of humor. The ship building magnates of New York, with their little shell game and elusive pea, are not especially admirable, although very rich. I can never think of the Whitney-Widener-Elkins syndicate in their wanderings in search of unearned privileges in public streets, except as organ grinders' monkeys who are asking or snatching the nickels of children.

If thrift and saving may be considered as life preservers, as they fairly may, then we can say with equal certainty that those dollars unfairly or dishonestly accumulated, are like the cast iron found in the life preservers in the New York ferry boats. They are a weight to our souls, a burden to our lives, and, sooner or later, will sink us or our successors.

The wrongs of which we have taken notice seem to me to be more largely due to the heedless rush toward an unworthy goal than to ineradicable human tendencies. Better public opinion will create better environment, and ideals which have outlasted the coinage of every nation in history, will wipe the dollar mark from our civilization.

In spite of all the evils we see in the world and the battle waging on all sides of us, I am sure that things are tending mightily toward righteousness. I see the splendid altruism of labor. I feel sure that wealth is coming, with the new generations, to bear with it, the burdens of responsibility for its use and its expenditure. Many of the noblest men I know are men who are beyond want or its reasonable possibility. They are men who work; who do not talk money or eat money or wear money, but try to help others to the utmost of their time and means. These men are of the democracy and their number is growing with growing enlightenment.

It will not be long before an account of every man's stewardship will contain three searching questions not heretofore popular:

What do you do as an excuse for existence?
How did you get your money?
How do you spend it?

In scattered wise, because I have been too busy to do better, I have tried to indicate world tendencies, and American drift; I have tried to fairly estimate what is in my grasp.

In the labor movement, in consumers' leagues, in the Arts and Crafts movement, in the fight against misused money, in the purging of our government, in the enlarging of our mutual endeavor, in our ceaseless, restless search for light, the tendencies all converge in a general uplift, a nearer approach to equality of opportunity, a better understanding and a kindlier view of each other, and the sum is Democracy. For that noble word carries in it the yearning of the world. Throughout the earth it is gaining hour by hour. The perception of progress should encourage and inspire us, and make us thankful that it has been our good fortune to live in a generation wherein the seed sown by the great and good men of the past is so rapidly approaching abundant fruition.

A Little Minister.

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
Where frequent lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry,—

I found a bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifting its head complacently,
As guarded by the tenderest care—
Far up the crag.

And often now, when fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
And as of old in my despair
I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
Far up the crag!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of UNITY:

UNITY is always a welcome visitor even to an orthodox Episcopalian like myself. It is especially good when our Rev. Brother Jenkin Lloyd Jones is heard from at length.

His published discourse on Abraham Lincoln, which appeared in a late issue, was especially enjoyable. To those of us whose chief ambition it is to help men grow into true manhood, and to see our weak humanity speedily crowned with divine beauty and strength, to read of these reminiscences of the man Abraham Lincoln is a perpetual delight. But how few of those most intimately associated with him know that the man of Lincoln's day and generation, who most resembled him in those graces of character which we especially admire, was his principal opponent on the field of battle—Robert Edward Lee. Those Southerners who, like myself, had the honor and privilege of knowing Lee personally, can bear witness to that fact.

For instance—as a parallel to the Sparrow episode: During a certain battle the opposing batteries were pouring a hail of shell on an eminence from which he was watching the movements of troops. He calmly directed those around him to move from under fire, and continued the inspection. Finally those at a distance noticed him stoop as he leisurely retired and amid the bursting shell gently replaced a sparrow in a nest from which it had been dislodged by the fire.

I think the way in which that "Hunter" episode is set forth rather does President Lincoln an injustice. It is very hard for those who understand him to believe that he would take advantage of the position of an ambassador—a gentleman of irreproachable character—to insult him in so gross a fashion. The way in which the President is represented as referring to the "hanging of traitors," does not give, as I imagine, the kindly drollery which would have given the remark a very different complexion.

We insist upon believing that Abraham Lincoln would have warmly echoed a remark of R. E. Lee, bearing upon this subject. "The forbearing use of power," said Lee, "not only forms a touchstone but the manner in which a certain individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he *cannot help* humiliating others.

It must be remembered that Hunter's opinions and principles were identical with those expressed by Lee in his letter of January 5th, 1866. "All that the South has ever desired was that the Union as *established by our forefathers* should be preserved." And again, July 9th following, "I had no other object than the defense of the principles upon which the Constitution of the several States was originally founded." And until the wonderfully clear and conclusive argument of Alex. H. Stephens in his "War Between the States" is answered by someone on "the other side," we can perceive another reason why the good and able President should have used the epithet with a kindly humorous tone.

How heartily Mr. Lincoln would have appreciated the following incident which occurred in 1869: A Southern orator was pouring forth a volley of, in that day, popular epithets, such as "The hirelings of the North," "The tyrannical and merciless invaders of our constitutional liberty," etc., when General Lee stepped up to the reporter and said, "In reporting that address omit all the bitter expressions against the North." . . . "I think all such expressions are both undignified and unbecoming."

On another occasion a friend of mine—a minister of another denomination—gave utterance to some very bitter criticisms of the North. Lee listened, said nothing, but later privately rebuked him, directing his attention to the spirit of Christ.

In 1869 General Lee was seen talking to a person at his gate. As his companion moved away the General said, "That is one of our old soldiers in necessitous circumstances." "To what command did he belong, General"? he was asked. "Oh, he fought on the other side," replied Lee. A little later the ex-"Boy-in-Blue," whom Lee had liberally aided, remarked to a clerical friend of mine, "Sir, he is the noblest man that ever lived."

Lee in his attitude towered so high above his contemporaries that the Southern people, while they reverenced him profoundly, found it difficult to follow him. Think of a man whose soul was so royally enthroned that he could not merely say but *feel*, "Those boys in blue are our brothers—giving their hearts' blood at the call of duty. They are only mistaken—that is all"! This amid the terrible carnage and bitterness engendered by that awful civil strife.

The sailors of the Bible story in the storm-tossed bark of old, wondered when the tempest of that tumultuous sea settled to an instant calm at Christ's "Peace, be still"! The world wondered at the sudden cessation of that great civil struggle. I wonder if the North has ever understood it! It was the voice of Lee—the patriot—the uncrowned king of the Southland, which rang over the land echoing Christ's command of old. He said in effect, "Your interests are now the interests of our Common Country. *Unite* to obliterate the effects of war and restore the blessings of peace." (Letter to the war governor of Virginia, Aug. 28, 1865.)

They are both, Lincoln and Lee, "over the river," now! Lee the scrupulous Episcopalian, Lincoln the "Liberal." But in the clear white light of eternity, those two sweet and knightly souls can look into each other's hearts and "know," "even as they are known"!

SOUTHERNER.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear UNITY:

Let me add a word to the review in your issue of March 16 on "A Short Introduction to the Gospels." It says: "As a brief handbook for students of the Gospels, our English literature of the subject has nothing so serviceable." I want to apply that sentence to "The Synoptic Gospels," by J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester College, Oxford, which to my mind is by far the clearest and most critical brief treatment of the problem. It is a Unitarian publication and not on sale in the bookstores, but may be had from the Unitarian bookrooms in Chicago (175 Dearborn St.), or in Boston (25 Beacon St.). I send you this because for some reason or other the book is not known as well as it ought to be among those who are interested in this inquiry.

W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Chicago, Mar. 18, 1905.

In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot;
In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

—*Percival.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—In the sanctuary of the soul, make ready the kingdom of heaven.

MON.—Guard with care that passion for the better which dwells within you.

TUES.—Preserve your good humor. It is a signal of defeat for all the enemies of the soul.

WED.—The peace of the soul is the key to the world.

THURS.—Our words should be only commentaries on our acts.

FRI.—The ideal is the living representation of the realities whose germs we bear.

SAT.—To be alive in every part of our being, to realize the possibilities that are in us, to do all that we can, to become all that we are capable of becoming, this is the aim of life. This is our share; the rest is not in our hands.

—Charles Wagner.

O bluebird, welcome back again;
Thy burnished coat and ruddy vest
Are hues that April loveth best,—
Warm skies above the furowed plain.

—John Burroughs: The Bluebird.

March Birds.

That a single robin does not make a spring is quite as true as that "A single swallow does not make a summer." But when I was awakened on St. Patrick's Day, very early in the morning by a familiar "Cheer up, cheer up," I said to myself, Spring may not be here but she is certainly on her way, now we may begin to look out for her retinue of birds and flowers.

Happy is the man, woman or child, who loves the birds, if he can flee to the real country and haunt the forests and meadows during the spring migrations. But we whose lot is cast in the city need not despair, especially if we have a yard and a few trees. Even if we have not a bush or a tree we have vacant lots and parks. The Wooded Island, Jackson Park, is said to be, for its area, one of the best places in the United States for bird study.

Every naturalist of high or low degree has doubtless echoed Lowell's wish that he might find some postern to his pleasure.

But in this as in every other good, "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us."

When fully armed and equipped for a "birding"—old shoes, unpresentable garments and a hat that defies low hanging boughs, we encounter friends at the station bound for their matinee we can hardly help feeling apologetic and the desire to explain is strong within us.

However, we can solace ourselves that we have made our own choice and if we find the "colors of joy in the bird and the love in its carol heard," especially if we carry home a new species in our mental game bag we feel reconciled to the despite done to our pride.

Nature is very generous to the heart that loves her, responding in kindly measure to the mood that we confide to her, so we need not wait for June to fill the heart to overflowing.

If we go to Oakwoods after the middle of March on a good bird day, we shall hear the "Spring of the Year," of the meadowlark. If our souls are in tune, something in us will answer back to something more than the sweet and tender notes. We will follow the gentle leading toward the east pond where the cattails grow and through our opera glasses watch the birds, walking about in little groups, singing their little song and showing us as they turn, the black crescent on the mottled breast. At the same time and place we may be so fortunate as to see the Red-winged Black-bird and hear his "Okalee."

There also we recognize our Song Sparrow. The March wind sways his bough and separates the feathers of his breast, disclosing his one distinctive feature, a little black spot. He sings his own little song for us. The high, clear note repeated two or three times, followed by a trill more or less musical as the songster is more or less gifted. The familiar recital does not weary us with its iterance.

"A week ago the Sparrow was divine" sings Lowell in June after the return of the Bobolink. The Song Sparrow may not have been his Sparrow, as there are other stars in this large and talented family, but in March this firstling of the flock has no rivals and holds us fast in his little heart.

Flocks of slate-colored Juncos, feeding on the ground, but flying at the slightest alarm and thus displaying the two white outer tail feathers, that make their identification an easy matter, are among the loiterers in this silent city as is the Bluebird "shifting his light load of song," his timely exhortation "charity, charity."

This place is one of the favorite resorts of the Towhee, Phewink, or Ground Robin, whose notes and ground habits, give him his names, but who can sing a rare song when he chooses.

In any of the parks or groves we may see the Bronzed Grackle or Crow Blackbird, "Clatterin' in tall trees and settlin' things in windy congresses." When he is not "clatterin'" or walking about under the trees gossiping with his neighbors and displaying the iridescence of his coat, or scolding human intruders, he is singing a song as musical as the creaking of a rusty hinge or the squeak of a horse-fiddle.

The Flicker, Highhole, Golden-winged Woodpecker (choose for yourself any other one of his thirty names) busies himself feeding on ants and other ground insects, only when he flies does he show his flag of truce, so large and white that it may be seen long after the red crescent on the head and the black one on the breast are lost to sight.

The Yellow-bellied Woodpecker or Sapsucker, responsible for the symmetrical rows of holes in many of our trees; the White-breasted Nuthatch who runs up and down the trees in search of insects in the bark and who shares the habit of the California Woodpecker in wedging acorns and other seeds into the bark to be "hatched" at need; the tiny Brown Creeper running up one tree spirally and flying down to the foot of the next one, and several others are among the early birds that we learn to know and love. I cannot refrain from mentioning the largest and reddest of the Sparrows, the Fox Sparrow. He comes early and makes a short visit, but is well worth seeing, while his rich, full, vigorous song is a delight.

I have found him on the Wooded Island opposite Japanese buildings in shrubbery only and never in numbers. His color and habit of scratching with both feet at the same time, hopping up and down, identify him beyond question.

They come one by one, these little feathered friends, each with its own attractions, its own habits and manners, its own individuality and its own litttle life history.

The least of these little ones is entitled to our protection.

To make their acquaintance, not for the accumulation of facts, not for mental discipline, but for the enrichment of life, and to make real the fact that "Everything is kin of mine" is its own exceeding great reward.

ANNA M. SNIVELY.

Chicago, March 23.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Foreign Notes.

FREDERIC MISTRAL AND THE NOBEL PRIZE.—Among all the various articles concerning the Nobel prizes that have appeared since the awards for 1904, I do not remember to have seen in any American publication a statement of the use to which the venerable Provençal poet proposes to devote the sum awarded him.

It will be remembered that the income of the Nobel fund is divided into five portions awarded annually in prizes as follows:

I. The peace prize—For the person who has done most or labored best for the cause of fraternity among different peoples, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies, or for the promotion of peace societies.

II. The literature prize—For the author of the most remarkable work of an idealistic nature.

III. The medicine prize—For the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology and medicine.

IV. The physics prize—For the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physical science.

V. The chemistry prize—For the person who shall have made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry.

In the four years since the income of this fund became available the peace prize and the physics prize have more than once been divided, while the literature, medicine and chemistry prizes have until last year been awarded to a single individual in every case.

In 1904, however, the literature prize was divided between the Provençal poet Frederic Mistral and the Spanish dramatist Echegary. This award strikingly illustrates another point in which the Scandinavian authorities charged with the distribution of the prizes have taken liberties with the intentions of the founder. Far from making these prizes the reward of the best achievement in each domain within the year, they have more often than not made their selection among living notabilities quite regardless of the date of any work that gave them a claim to special distinction. Thus it is many long years since Mistral's noted epic "Mirêio" created a wide-spread literary sensation by its revival of the *langue d'oc*. He is so far from being one of the authors of the day that I fancy more than one reader felt a certain surprise at the recent publication in the newspapers of a letter from President Roosevelt to the poet, born in 1830, whose reputation was made in the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

The president's autograph letter acknowledging the receipt of a volume of Mistral's poems is said to have read in part as follows:

"You are teaching a lesson that none more need to learn than we of the West—we of the eager, restless, wealth-seeking nation—the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached the things that really count in life are things of the spirit.

"Factories and railroads are good up to a certain point, but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover or sweetheart, love of beauty, is man's work, and in nature love and emulation of daring and lofty endeavor are the homely work-a-day virtues and heroic virtues. These are better still, and if they are lacking no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity, shall avail either individual or nation.

"I do not undervalue these things of the nation's body, I only desire that they shall not make us forget that besides the nation's body there is also the nation's soul."

This letter was to be delivered personally by Consul-General Skinner, at the home of the venerable poet in the little village of Maillane in the heart of Old Provence, the country of the troubadours.

How loyal and single-hearted Mistral has remained from youth to age to the love of Provence and its customs and tongue is well shown by this brief note to a friend connected with the *Temps* who wrote congratulating him on receipt of the Nobel prize. It is dated at Maillane, December 10, 1904.

"My Dear Friend:—You ask my feeling about the Nobel prize which was awarded to me today at Stockholm conjointly with the great Spanish poet Echegary. I can give it to you in two words.

"I am happy over this windfall which, being due to my filial devotion to Provence, will be dedicated by me to the glorification of Provence and its native tongue. You know I have founded at Arles a Provençal museum of ethnography (*Muséon Arletan*) in an old palace worthy to receive it. This palace, which belongs to the city—and which the municipal authorities have kindly granted to me—will be restored, thanks to the Nobel prize, and, as it is magnificent, it may some day become the palace of the *Félibrige*, the center for its meetings and its popular festivals.

"If God but spares us life, all this may be accomplished.

"Yours truly,

"FREDERIC MISTRAL."

The *Félibrige*, it may not be amiss to explain, is an association of authors and artists of the south of France founded in 1854. The etymology of its root *félibre* is variously given. It was found by Mistral in an old Provençal canticle telling how the Virgin Mary found Jesus in the temple among the seven *félibres* of the law.

Sully-Prudhomme received the undivided literature prize at the first distribution (1901). With this $40,000 he in turn created an annual prize of $300 to be awarded to the most deserving young poet who had not the necessary means to publish a book.

Few recipients of Nobel prizes however have devoted them to any public use. The most conspicuous instance, cited by Mr. W. T. Stead in his very comprehensive article on the Nobel prizes, is that of W. R. Cremer, radical and labor member for Hoxton of the British House of Commons. Mr. Cremer, the originator of the International Parliamentary Congress, of which he is the English secretary, was awarded the peace prize in 1903. He at once decided to use the greater part of it to endow the Arbitration League, a working-class organization for the promotion of international peace of which he is the president—a noble manifestation of public spirit on the part of the radical old shoemaker now seventy years of age.

Prof. Finsen of Copenhagen, inventor of the Finsen lamp for applying the light treatment to lupus, was in a dying condition when he received the medicine prize in 1903 and handed it over to the cause to which he had devoted his life.

Lord Rayleigh, Balfour's brother-in-law, and with Sir William Ramsay the discoverer of helium and argon, was awarded the physics prize in 1904. He has announced his intention of turning it over to the University of Cambridge. M. E. H.

A Card of Thanks.

Whereas, The issue of UNITY for March 2, 1905, is a memorial number in honor of our dear minister and friend, John White Chadwick, and is entirely devoted to tributes to his noble character and work and to extracts from his writings in prose and verse, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Society hereby expresses to the Editors of UNITY, its high appreciation of their services in the preparation of the memorial number, and hereby tenders to them its sincere thanks for their thought, care and labor in connection therewith.

Books Received.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

The Master Word. By L. H. Hammond. $1.50 net.
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